

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE street car company is abused for not abating many nuisances over which it has control, but we can hardly expect a "soulless corporation" to interest itself in the welfare of the public when individual members of the community are so regardless of one another. Travelling in the street car, one would imagine, if there was anything in the old-time joke about the man who leaves the door open being born in a sawmill, that the majority of the passengers had their bringing-up in one of those doorless mills through which the wind continually rushes. The average lady in sealskin, and seven out of ten of the gentlemen who are arrayed in fur-lined coats, come into the car and forget to shut the door after them. The motorman always has instructions from the superintendent to pull the door shut, but for probably two or three minutes after the entrance of the passenger he is too busy to attend to it, and through the heated and crowded apartment there rushes an icy wind which is enough to give even strong people pneumonia or congestion of the lungs. If every passenger on a street car were punctiliously careful to be polite and considerate to not only the conductor but to his or her fellow-passengers, the attitude of the servants of the company would very soon lend itself to an universal attempt to be unfailingly kind and gentle. While the passengers will not move up to make room for one another, while they leave the front door open when they enter, and fail to shut it when they get out, while they glare at one another as intruders because there are too many of them, it is not at all wonderful that the motorman and conductor become surly and refuse to attend to the duties which the passengers do not attend to for each other. This accounts for the general tendency of street-car conductors to let the passengers "hog it" and run the car on their own hook.

PREMIER ROSS is certainly going the right way to gain popularity and to win the next provincial elections. Every little while the observant elector will notice that he has got on to some new phase of public opinion and is proceeding to follow it out. The public ownership of railways is probably the most absorbing topic which is now occupying the electoral mind. In this case he has promised to build a line to James' Bay which will tap the whole trade of that country and bring it to Toronto. He may lease the road to the Grand Trunk, but he will certainly do it on terms much more favorable to the people than the preposterous bargain made by Premier Roblin of Manitoba with Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann.

That bargain seems to have met with the reprobation of all the principal business men of the Prairie Province. As I remarked last week, it is one of those "heads I win or tails you lose" dickers which invalidates the financial credit of Manitoba without hobbling the Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. No matter what happens, those who lease the old Northern Pacific lines on the terms quoted from the Manitoba Government will come through all right, but there is nothing to prevent Manitoba having to pay five or six hundred thousand dollars a year for the privilege of directing the freight and passenger rates between the western borders of the province and Lake Superior. Four of the leading lawyers of this city have said that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann cannot give control of the rates they promise, and the largest merchants in Winnipeg—the most staunch Tories as well—are all in open rebellion, and, assisted by some of the cleanest skaters of the C.P.R., are cutting a wide swath which indicates the defeat of the suspicious bill in the Legislature.

PREMIER ROSS should be very careful, as no doubt he will be, in not introducing sectarianism into his coming provincial campaign. Principal Grant of Queen's University is clamoring for public money. He has always been in a hungry frame of mind, and the symptoms of it have been very distinctly shown during the last twenty or thirty months. No public question arises on which the reverend principal is not ready to give an off-hand opinion. He is shocked when those whom he esteems to be his paymasters are horrified; he believes in exactly what those who are able to give subsidies believe. He is an opportunist and a seeker for public assistance. He has no rival as a "getter" in the whole Dominion of Canada, and, being so well known, his opinions have little weight. Premier Ross should understand that this sparsely settled province can not afford more than one university. By the declaration of policy which outlined the establishment of a great university in Toronto, around which would be grouped the sectarian divinity schools, he induced several of the most prominent college principals to advocate the situation which now exists. If he begins to give favors to the Presbyterian College at Kingston (and Principal Grant is a most importunate beggar) he will weaken the present status and insert a wedge which will cleave the university system of the province wide open. It is idle to assert that Principal Grant simply wants money to run a scientific department, and that to complete the School of Practical Science at Queen's will, naturally enough, be of service to the whole province. The Toronto School of Practical Science, if it had the whole sum which the province is able to give, could properly equip itself and turn out students enough for the whole of Ontario. Sufficient graduates are now being turned out by Toronto alone to equip all the railways and mining companies with men who are anxious to find situations. To create a rival in the Queen's College School of Practical Science is simply to injure the perfection and influence of the similar school which is now situated in the Queen's Park. Nothing so weakens a political party as sectarian partizanship, and I would certainly advise Premier Ross to think twice before he alienates the affections of all the graduates and undergraduates of Trinity College, Victoria College, Knox College, McMaster, and of all the other schools, by giving something to Principal Grant simply because he has "hollered" for it so long and so loud.

MR. BRITTON, K.C., member for Kingston, is in favor of establishing divorce courts throughout Canada. He believes that only the rich can obtain the luxury of relief from an unfaithful partner. This has always been my opinion. Divorce is not a question which should go before Parliament, nor are we likely with so conscientious a Bench to find the same objections to cheap divorces as are found in the United States. Many of our judges are Roman Catholics and do not believe in divorces at all, but if they are controlled by a written law and the evidence is sufficient, even those who most object to a severance of the marriage tie will have to give their rulings in accordance with the statutes. If they do not, an appeal to the superior Court will bring the desired relief. That every divorce in Canada should be settled by a parcel of old Senators in whom senility has taken the place of sympathy, is unjust. No other legal dispute is taken before a Senate committee. Our law provides for but one reason for annulment of marriage, and that is infidelity; this is scriptural ground, and we need not fear that the judges are any more godless than the Senators. By all

means let us have a divorce court and make the severance of the nuptial knot a question of law and equity rather than a matter of money and parliamentary pull. The rich man and his wife do not need to associate closely with each other; the evils which afflict them can be avoided by living apart under one roof. Amongst the poorer classes of people this relief is not possible. The poor man must sleep with his unfaithful wife, or the poor woman must sleep with her unfaithful husband, in the same bed. Every day and every hour the mental picture of the other man or the other woman is vividly in view of both. The poor have not money enough to go to Ottawa and see a bill through, but the sale of the small belongings of the unhappy couple will give them enough money to go to a divorce court and obtain freedom and enable them to start life over again. This, then, should be the procedure.

work to do; he can hardly afford to spend any of his time in his business lest he overlook some chance of being patriotically critical of the expenditure made by those who sit on the Speaker's right.

THE peculiar log-rolling and greedy hunker-sliding of these members of Parliament and Senators is enough to frighten a buzzard away from a dead horse; they all want some of the carrion, and it is to be feared that many of them are agitating for an increase in the Premier's salary and for something to be given to the leader of the Opposition in order to further their own ends. The members or Senators want fifteen hundred or two thousand a year each. They forget that the man against whom they ran, or against whom they intrigued in order to obtain an appointment to the Senate would have willingly taken



RT. HON. SIR JOHN FORREST,
Federal Minister of Defence.



RT. HON. SIR GEO. TURNER,
Federal Treasurer.



THE EARL OF HOPETOUN,
Governor-General.



HON. EDMUND BARTON,
Prime Minister.



HON. G. H. REID,
Leader of the Free Trade Party or Opposition.



HON. CHARLES C. KINGSTON,
Federal Minister of Trade and Commerce.

STATESMEN OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

and, except upon the grounds which the Roman Catholics take (that marriage is a sacrament rather than a civil ceremony) there can be no objection to it.

WITH regard to the increased salary of the Premier and provision for the leader of the Opposition, and an additional honorarium for the members of the House of Commons and the Senate, the people of this country are of divided opinion. Sedulously the members of the Commons and the Senate have involved the whole question in the problem of an all-round raise of salaries. While I think that the Premier of Canada should not have less than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year, and while I believe that the leader of the Opposition should have at least five thousand dollars a year, I do not believe that the members of the Commons or the Senate should have a cent added to their already liberal honorarium. It is like the question of salaries in a large business concern—the moment one begins to discuss the question of what any one individual gets, every other employee clamors for an increase. The useful individual may properly have his salary raised without admitting that the undeserving must have a proportionate advance. Twenty thousand dollars is not too much for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It would not have been too much for Sir John Thompson nor Sir John A. Macdonald. The leader of the Opposition has much

the appointment to the Senate, would have willingly taken the amount which they now get. If a man cannot afford to leave home and live in Ottawa at one thousand dollars per session and mileage, he should never have been a candidate. Most of the candidates are selected by the conventions not on account of their ability but because of their popularity. The leader of the Government is not selected on account of his popularity, but because he has sacrificed nearly all the years of his life to watching legislation at Ottawa and because he is able off-hand to answer all sorts of questions put to him by the Opposition, and to tell without unreasonable delay whether certain measures will meet with the approbation of the electors or not. While he should be paid as an expert, the others should be paid as ambitious and, in many cases, untried men. There is no use opening the door for extravagance or preparing the way for the public to become greedier than they are now in soliciting subscriptions from members of Parliament. A member of Parliament should not have to thank his constituents for his election, but if a proper selection is made the constituents should thank him for having offered himself to serve at the capital of the Dominion. Members may be in the House of Commons for only one Parliament. If they go to the Senate they have no campaign expenses. The fever of an ambitious life frequently so surges through a man's system that he

cannot let go. Whatever extra money is paid him as an honorarium, he will be unable to cling to, so that, no matter what the people, who are superior to Parliament, may do, the member will be quite as poor and helpless hereafter as heretofore, even if we accede to his demands. With the Premier it is entirely different. He must be an optimist, must abandon his business, must travel about and be superior to bribes of all sorts. However, the result can only be arrived at one way, and that is by the Parliament, including both parties, resolving itself into a caucus and deciding whether there shall be an increase or not. Both sections are the representatives of the people, and must cheerfully accept the blame of everything that is done towards increasing salaries. The members for country constituencies who, in such a crisis, would shamelessly vote an increase in their own indemnities would be brought to account for it, but if, fortunately, an agreement should be arrived at, whereby the private members would not profit by an increase of salary, that the Premier and the leader of the Opposition might be placed superior to want, I feel sure that the public would judge justly and generously. As it is now, we find the opposing parties each trying to shift the blame to the shoulders of the other. If they are trying to do something blameworthy, let it be abandoned; if they are ambitious to do something that is right, let them do it in unison, and there will be no criticism.

A CLOTH-BOUND volume has just come to hand containing one hundred and twenty-one pages of a "Report of the Ottawa and Hull Fire Relief Fund." Those who have been long clamoring for this statement of the receipts and expenditures of the committee, will be pleased to see how elaborate a book is the result of the work of the Administrator and Treasurer. It contains about a dozen full-page illustrations and maps, and a list of all those who subscribed directly; those who sent their money indirectly, as through the Toronto "Globe," will not have the pleasure of finding their names and the amounts of their donations in the report. Certificates from J. M. Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance, and John G. McGee, Clerk of the Privy Council, endorsing the appointment of Mr. Maitland Young, of Hamilton, as auditor of the accounts, each occupy a page. Mr. Young's audited and certified transcript of the whole business occupies another page, and is dated December 31, 1900. It is as follows:

Total subscriptions to the fund.....	\$52,182 40
Bank interest on deposits	4780 37
Total	\$56,962 77
Against this is the following:	
Paid for relief	\$41,976 46
Expenses	14,986 31
Total	\$56,962 77

It will be noticed that there is no balance remaining and no deficit, the income and the expenditure actually meeting to a cent! The auditor reports that the disbursement of expenses include only office salaries and wages of the employees engaged in the distribution of food and clothing at the drill shed and Rideau rink, and were exactly the same as are charged in the summary above given. The remainder of the fund, \$941,976.46, "was expended for the relief of the sufferers." "The number of claims formally presented were 3,225. Total number of cheques issued, 5,929." Mr. J. C. Browne, the Administrator and Treasurer, refused to accept any honorarium for his long and wearisome work, and none of the committee received any payment whatever. In the accounts, as I have examined them, I find no charge for the getting out of the elaborate and expensive report, which is the work of a firm of Ottawa printers. It surely was not done as a labor of love, and if all the newspapers of Canada, or all the subscribers to the fund, are to receive one, the edition must have been large. Possibly the City of Ottawa has paid for it, as the last chapter or so of the book is nothing more nor less than an advertisement of "the vicinity of the fire." The water power which can be had at Hull and Ottawa is set forth in a very attractive way. "The surrounding country offers many attractions to the sportsman, the miner, the tourist, and the agriculturist." What has this got to do with the report of the fire relief fund? "The scenery and opportunities for yachting," and the "thousands of acres of the finest farming land full of minerals"—what has that to do with the burning down of sections of two considerable cities? The canals and the "greatness of our municipal development," "the constitution of Canada outlined in the British North America Act," the "growth of the little village of Bytown, now the capital of the Dominion," and the fact that the "industries of Ottawa and Hull will soon be more flourishing than ever" and "their future promises greatness," "enterprise is being attracted to their vicinity," "water power and mineral wealth call in silent eloquence upon those who can come and use them and produce wealth and promote commerce." "They are destined not to plead in vain"—such is the language of an advertisement. Surely Ottawa and Hull, having consumed a million dollars worth of subscriptions, are not now using a portion of it to advertise themselves as being more desirable localities than those in which the subscribers live. Some one ought to ask Mr. Browne who provided the money for this elaborate report and surpassing advertisement. As far as Mr. Browne is concerned, he is above suspicion, and deserves the thanks of every one who either sympathized with or subscribed to the fund.

By the way, I forgot to give the grand summary of the cash subscriptions, and it may be intimated that goods to the value of two hundred thousand dollars were said to have been received.

Received from Canada	\$500,781 69
Received from Great Britain	363,248 75
Received from British Colonies	53,605 75
Received from United States	33,505 20
Received from France	1,036 20
Received from Chili	4 86
Interest on deposits	4,780 37

Grand total

The amount of the insurance received by the sufferers in Ottawa was \$3,085,203; in Hull, \$770,302. Now if we put the amounts together, the "sufferers" must have received:

Paid for relief	\$41,976 46
Insurance	3,855,505 00
Goods, say	200,000 00

Grand total

This sum, divided amongst 1,098 owners and 1,930 tenants—3,048 altogether—gives each "sufferer" the sum of \$1,606. There are a good many people in Toronto who do not call themselves sufferers who do not possess that much. And let it be remembered that, as the report says, "those who were left in reasonable comfort were placed in Class A, as the committee did not consider that they were entitled to share in such a charitable fund." Now it may be noticed that there were in Class A only \$3 of

disbursements. The motto of the committee must have been "Good Lord, let us suffer in silence."

HAVE a letter from a lady offering "sincere thanks" for the attention I called to the over-working of horses in sleighing parties. She tells me her experience, which makes the matter even worse than I suggested it might be, and says that some of the teamsters have admitted to her "that the teams had to draw forty hundred weight at a load out of cellars during the day, and that they often have to haul thirty to thirty-five people at night, sometimes with very poor sleighing, and the passengers unwilling to get out and walk." I am afraid if what I have written reaches the ordinary pleasure-seeker who goes out sleigh-riding, that I will be considered a "kill-joy," but I am still convinced that it is a matter in which the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals should concern itself.

IN the House of Commons on Tuesday, Hon. Mr. Costigan, on a motion to go into supply, gave notice of motion condemning the declaration which the King is required to make at his coronation, with regard to some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church being "idolatrous, superstitious," etc. The subject will probably come up at the end of this week, and I am distinctly of opinion that the professional Roman Catholics of Canada who use their religion for the sake of political preferment are pushing themselves painfully into the public eye. Before the coronation oath is changed, even the mildest type of Protestants would like to be assured that the official vows of those high up in the Roman Catholic hierarchy have been moderated to suit the "liberality" of the present century. If Protestants were to seek for offence as against Catholics, these vows would be obtained and printed as freely as the coronation oath has been circulated. The latter compares favorably, so I am informed, with the oath of office taken by bishops, archbishops, cardinals, etc. Politics may afford ambitious Catholics many opportunities of making complaint and of demanding reparation, but they may be assured that if the matter is pushed much further the other side of the question will be taken up by all untrammelled and liberty-loving newspapers.

SOME of the papers most bitter in criticism of the Postmaster-General are calling attention to the fact that the Department has a heavy deficit for the past fiscal year. Of course, this should be expected, as the postage on letters has been reduced from three to two cents, and on newspapers has been almost entirely wiped out. At the same time, the same papers are making a great howdy-do because the Hon. Mr. Mulock has kept down the wages of the letter-carriers and the masters of the smaller post-offices. If they would only tell Mr. Mulock what they want, the whole matter would be much clearer. Are these critics of the Postmaster-General anxious that he should pay the letter-carriers more, and thereby increase the deficit, or are they anxious for him to keep down the expenses and, at the same time, keep down the deficit? It must be admitted that nobody is compelled to work for the admittedly scant pay which the letter-carriers and rural postmasters receive. These employees, without exception, made a special canvass to obtain their positions, and hold to them because they are sure of their pay, and find some little pride in being in the service of the Government. As soon as they are dissatisfied they can quit, and that will need no special hustle. It may be said that the cut in postage from three to two cents was in the interests of business men. This, of course, can be offset by the statement that the two-cent local rate is against the interests of the business man, so that where business firms receive benefit in the one instance they quite make up for it in the other.

Aside from these thoroughly business-like facts, which are the foundation upon which the administrator of the Department must build, it seems to me that the deficit might properly be enlarged in order that the men who start in at \$360 per year and are allowed to reach the maximum of \$600 per year by yearly increases of \$30, might be better paid. At once the rural postmasters and mail-carriers would cry out if this were done that the cities are receiving unfair advantages. And so they should, because the cities provide nearly all the paying business of the post-office, and the country places, instead of saving revenue, demand undue expenditure. Six hundred dollars per year, less the percentage which is taken off for the retiring allowance, is not too much for an intelligent and hard-working postman. It is true that their outer clothing is furnished them, but this is scarcely more than a set-off for the percentage held back for a retiring allowance. Hon. Mr. Mulock, in view of the criticism which he has recently received, and the forgetfulness on the part of the public that he is the best Postmaster-General that Canada ever had, might just as well endeavor to popularize himself by dealing a little more generously with the poorest paid section of his great staff.

THE prediction was ventured when the first contingent was leaving Canada for South Africa that the war-like spirit of the people would soon abate. The cheers, it will be noticed, have become fainter and fainter as each detachment arrives home. It is the way of the world; the tendency to flag-waving and cheering and enthusiasm dies out after the public have had a chance to work off their superfluous steam. This is not only true of Canada, but is true still more of the United States. A week or so ago the 37th Volunteer Infantry of the United States set foot on their native soil again after two years' service in the Philippines. Their ranks were much thinned with their long and arduous service, but there was no public interest shown in their return; there were no crowds, no ebullition of public joy, and had it not been for the official welcome of the post commander of San Francisco and his staff, there would have been absolutely no welcome at all. How like our own history is it when we compare the wild scenes incident to the departure of our troops, with the excessive exuberance of the Yankees when their soldiers went away, and the slim greetings which the later ones received when they returned. Popular enthusiasm is indeed a strange thing, and it is not republics alone which are ungrateful.

HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD says that the Manitoba Prohibition Act was declared ultra vires by the Court because it was too extreme. The Act which he drafted and was forced to amend by the clamor of the Prohibitionists was only intended to prevent the sale of liquor by the glass, and would certainly have been upheld by the law courts. His claim that he was used by the Prohibitionists to his own detriment and defeat is but a repetition of history, and that the extremists measures forced upon him and the Province defeated their own ends is but a repetition of fanatical temperance agitation the world over.

WITHOUT endorsing all that is said by this conservative Anglican rector, "Saturday Night" commends to its readers the very able and outspoken sermon of the Rev. James Simpson, M.A., of Charlottetown, P.E.I., on "The Low Birthrate, its Causes and Results," which is reproduced in full on page 4. The subject is one of extreme delicacy, and is difficult to discuss without giving offence. But no apology need be offered for any honest and conscientious attempt made in the pulpit to deal with facts that must sooner or later be faced and that are already causing alarm to statesmen, ministers of religion, and all students of social tendencies the world over. "Saturday Night" has no wish to pander to the prurient imaginings of sensation-mongers, nor any intention in the present instance of hurting the feelings of the most sensitive and pure-minded reader of its columns. But no intelligent person should find it possible to be offended by such a discussion of the subject as that of the Rev. Mr. Simpson, who has evidently experienced great reluctance in doing the bidding of his conscience in this matter.

Social and Personal.

THE principal event of the week has been the homecoming of one of the Canadian officers, who particularly distinguished himself in South Africa. The chances of war, and his own resourceful bravery, have put Captain Churchill Cockburn in the much-envied position of having been recommended for the Victoria Cross, a decoration even more interesting and highly prized now than the good and wise woman from whom it is named lies in her peaceful sepulchre. Nearly fifty years ago, on the Crimean peninsula, another Canadian, gallant Colonel Dunn, was likewise recognized as a brave and able soldier. Captain Cockburn's small family circle—father, mother, sister, and niece—came into the city with him in Mr. Tait's private car. Mr. Tait came also from Montreal with his wife and daughter to join in the Toronto welcome on Tuesday evening. The Union Station was crammed with people—friends and soldiers of the Body Guard, in which crack corps the returning soldier has for years been an efficient and popular officer. The Principal of Upper Canada College and a crowd of students full of fun and enthusiasm awaited the exit of Captain Cockburn to draw his carriage through the cheering spectators to the family residence in Sherbourne street. For a mile and a half they dragged the son of their ex-principal (who accompanied him) and landed him safe and sound before what looked like a fairy palace. The Cockburn residence was blazing with red, white and blue electric lights, garlanded with gemlike strands, and from every part of the large mansion floated and glowed that brilliant banner for which the homecoming had a dozen times risked his life on the field of battle. Flags and sparkling crowns and a mammoth "Welcome Home" accented the hearty cry of the crowd as they welcomed Captain Cockburn and speedily filled every nook and corner of the house, laughing, shaking hands, asking questions; grave legislators, handsome women in evening gowns; the Premier, who left the House to honor the young soldier by a personal welcome which was most heartily seconded by his kind wife, Mrs. Ross; the most charming hostess in Toronto, who broke the seclusion of bereavement to add her sweet welcome home to so many others; dear old ladies who had known Churchill Cockburn from his babyhood, and whom he gallantly kissed to their great satisfaction, and maybe the envy of the enthusiastic fair ones who were present in swarms to greet him. It was an occasion which will be remembered always for its spontaneous pride in the soldier who has done so much honor to his country, his friends, and his family. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn have indeed the warmest sympathy of all in this happy time, as they had in their anxiety during the year of absence and constant peril of their only son, when so many only sons were sacrificed to the god of war. At the buffet in the dining-room smart maids in natty red, white and blue served the immense assembly with dainties. The air was full of the martial strains of the band of the Body Guard, who escorted the carriage of their officer. Some of the guests were Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Colonel and Mrs. George Denison, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Sir William Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Justice and Mrs. Moss, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Lady Howland, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mayor Howland, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. David Macpherson, Mr. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Denison of Rusholm and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, the Misses Dupont, Dr. and Miss Thorburn, Dr. Parkin, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Gulesy House, Mrs. and Miss Justina Harrison, Colonel and Mrs. Young, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham, Mrs. MacMahon, Colonel Lessard, Captain Nelles, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Dr. Peters, Dr. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. James Elmsley and Miss Elmsley, Mr. Band.

Lieutenant James Elmsley, whose wonderful escape from death, after having been shot clean through the body, is such a reason of devout thankfulness to all his friends, came home very unobtrusively with his mother from England last week. Owing to the recent bereavement and consequent mourning in Mr. Elmsley's family, his homecoming was unmarked by the joyous eclat of this week's celebration, but there is no less rejoicing in a quiet way



that handsome Jim is back with us once more, having passed very close to the portals of death, and owing his recovery to the sturdy constitution and good courage he fortunately possesses. Mr. Elmsley is looking well, and happily feels no ill effects from the journey of a Boer bullet from one side to the other through his stalwart frame. His friends are indeed sincere in their hearty welcome home.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Patterson and Mr. Dickson Patterson gave a very elegant little dinner to a small party of guests. Covers were laid for ten. The artistic home was most charmingly attractive, as it always is, and the guests much enjoyed the reunion.

On Friday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart gave a pretty dinner to a small party of friends. Two bright young ladies, Miss Mackenzie, of Kincardine, and Miss Ravenshaw were much admired thereat.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston gave an informal tea, inviting some of her lady friends to meet her guest, Miss Grenside. Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross and Miss Gyp Armstrong were very attentive in looking after the tea-table and the guests, among whom I noticed Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mrs. Alec Cartwright, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Wilkes of Brantford, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Farrel, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. H. F. Strathy, Mrs. W. Douglas, and Mrs. Hellmuth.

Quite a lot of Toronto people are at the Welland House, St. Catharines, where the managers certainly do all in their power to make guests thoroughly enjoy the cosy hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Foy and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and others are there this week.

Mrs. Cockburn and Captain Churchill Cockburn are going south for a short sojourn. The Captain's physician says that Canada in March is rather trying to a man just

out of an Antipodean summer, and, like most of our soldiers, Captain Cockburn needs rest and care after hard work.

Mrs. Will Hees, of Detroit, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stephen Haas, of Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Grant, of Montreal, went home to Montreal on Wednesday, as Miss Gladys Grant is now quite convalescent. Mrs. Grant's many Toronto friends have much enjoyed seeing her looking so well.

Miss Cassils, of Montreal, who has been visiting Mrs. Gordon Osler, returned home this week. Mrs. W. E. Wagner (nee Sheppard) is down from Muskoka on a visit to her family. Mrs. Fiske, of Montreal, spent the week at Chudleigh with her brother, Mr. Beardmore. Mrs. George Wilkes, of Brantford, is visiting Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Miss Sutherland, of East Orange, and Miss Saunders, of New York, are the guests of Mrs. Humphrey Anger.

Miss Florence Love, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Love, was married on Wednesday afternoon to Dr. Otto Plaxton, of Parry Sound. The bride's gown was of white silk organdie over silk. Miss Alice Love was bridesmaid, wearing blue mousseline de soie over silk, and the best man was Dr. D. H. Beaton. The ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Thomas, took place at the home of the bride's parents, where a pretty dejeuner was served after the congratulations of the guests were offered. Dr. Plaxton and his bride left for their future home, in Parry Sound, by the afternoon train. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Plaxton, Barrie; Mr. T. W. Plaxton, Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Crompton, and Miss Ella Crompton, Brantford; Mr. Fred Love, Miss Millicamp, Miss Florence Lee, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Miss Torrance, Mr. John Northway, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Brown.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy, of St. Alban's street, is giving a luncheon next Wednesday in honor of her guest, Mrs. George Wilkes, of Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey are at Atlantic City for the benefit of Mr. Massey's health. Mrs. Williamson, 83 Wellesley street, is now convalescing slowly from a serious illness. Mrs. J. C. Macdougall continues to improve, and will, it is hoped, soon be quite well. Her sudden illness was of an exceedingly grave nature, and her many friends are most thankful for her recovery. Mrs. Macdougall was most excellently cared for by the nurses and doctors at St. John's Hospital.

Miss Annie Blong gave a very pleasant progressive pedro party and dance at Woodlawn on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Osler, of Cobourg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Gibbs, of 24 Isabella street. Mrs. Musgrave, of 66 Isabella street, expects her sister, Mrs. R. S. Williams, and Miss Ethel Williams, of Goderich, to make some stay in town after Easter.

The Travel Club meets at Mrs. Rutter's residence on Monday evening, and will visit Genoa on that occasion. I am told that Mrs. Winans, of Cecil street, intends removing to Montreal, where her son has resided for some time. Her Toronto friends hear this with regret.

Miss Kate Miller, of Bloor street, daughter of the manager of the Merchants' Bank, is entertaining Miss Bindley, of Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, of Ermeleigh, went south yesterday. The raw winds of this week have made many of us wish we could follow their example. Miss Merrick, of Gloucester street, is visiting friends in Ottawa.

The Grange is maison fermee during the spring visit of Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith to Lakewood, where they usually spend the trying weeks of March. Miss Ida Homer Dixon is with them.

McConkey's tea-rooms are now a fashionable rendezvous for a very smart little coterie each afternoon—who are pretty sure to be found there between five and six. The quiet season, which has precluded all the big functions, has left a good many young people free at the tea hour.

The East End Euchre Club met on Friday evening at the residence of Miss Mary Reid, Pembroke street. Miss Edna Eastwood gave a domino party at her home in Winchester street last evening.

Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Bee Robertson have gone to Mexico. Colonel Clarence Denison of the Body Guard will give a dinner at Webb's next Thursday for the members of his corps who have returned from South Africa.

Colonel and Mrs. Graves are giving a farewell tea to their friends next Monday afternoon at their home, 185 Crescent road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Wyly Grier gave an afternoon reception from 3.30 to 6.30 on Thursday at the studio, Imperial Bank Chambers. Those who came early were rewarded by a look at some interesting work of the host under good light effects. Those who came later had more greetings and gossip from the larger crowd of friends present. Tea was daintily served, and the always pretty studio the scene of a very smart and happy reunion.

By the way, one enjoys very much at the Capital the improved telephone service, with automatic call to Central and the light and dainty little "ear trumpets" in use there. No ringing, no heavy, clumsy funnel to tire one who uses the phone continually. Ottawa may be a small city, but its telephone outfit can give a good many pointers to us bigger folks.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas, of Buffalo, is the guest of Mrs. Allen Aylesworth. Mrs. Thomas is in first mourning for her father, and does not go out at all. Mrs. and Miss Plumb have been for some time settled at 74 St. George street. Mrs. Anglin and Miss Eileen Anglin, who have been this week stopping with Mrs. Falconbridge, left Toronto yesterday.

Friends of Mrs. J. G. Beard will be glad to hear that she is well and residing at Troy. Mr. Beard is not in very good health.

Hockey for the girls has proved a great amusement this winter, and the man who coaches them finds them apt pupils. Several matches have been played. The Haverhill Hall ladies have played to victory, the Tawnies, including a little coterie of intimate friends, Misses Law, Elmsley, Thompson, Mackenzie, and others are also good hockeyists.

A rifle club for the ladies is enthusiastically advocated by a retired officer. To be a good shot is a rare accomplishment among our young girls, who are generally afraid of the sight of a gun. However, the return of the warriors should interest the ladies in a rifle club, and some of them should in turn interest the officers in securing them a place to practice. There are several more than good shots among girls who have visited Toronto recently, and who are greatly surprised at the ignorance of shooting found among Canadian girls. I recollect seeing a handsome visitor from Scotland do some really excellent shooting at a country place last summer. While to shoot well isn't likely to be an accomplishment often useful, still the steadiness of nerve required to master the art is sure to be very beneficial.

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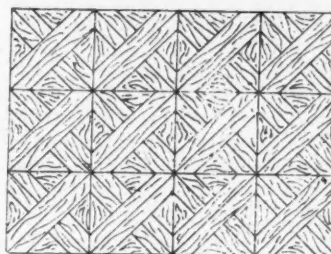
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Social and Personal.

THE Male Chorus Club, with Ausder Ohe and David Blispham, gave a splendid concert on Tuesday evening, which attracted what we call a Nordic audience, for want of a better description of the great crowd in pretty gowns and with faces full of pleasure which one sees when our pet singers come to town. Mr. Blispham gives a chill of horror occasionally by some perfectly splendid dramatic effect in singing, such as the Kipling ballad "Danny Deever" gave, and on Tuesday he did not forget us in this respect, his singing of the old ballad of the patricide being as blood-curdling a thing as anyone could desire. The little gentleman with the powerful and perfect baritone is simply singing all the season, in opera, oratorio, concert, and recital, two of which latter he has just given in New York. One never tires of his voice, and what a treat is his method—so dignified and earnest! The gentle German lady, in her little pink gown, has put up her braid of golden hair, and looks grown-up now. Her superb playing is a real pleasure to the most critical of her hearers and a marvel of force and sweetness. The club needs no patting upon the back, for under the wise guidance and sure baton of Mr. Tripp they do great things. It was a real test between loyalty and artistic yearning which met many a man and woman on Tuesday evening, when unfortunately the reception to Captain Churchill Cockburn kept many a music-lover from this fine concert. However, there was not much room for any more in the Massey Hall when the programme began. Repeated encores and much delight were the rule. The gentlemen of the chorus came home in high good-nature, and may place one more success on their roster. In the audience were many prominent persons, including the Bishop and Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Miss Blakie, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mr. Scott, Miss Buck, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Ince, Mr. J. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Miss VanderSmitten, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Montague Adamson, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Melvin Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines, Miss Strathby, Miss Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Mrs. Osmond Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Kemp, Miss Roberts, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mrs. J. Wedd, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Caprell, Mr. and Mrs. Miss McVitty, Mrs. and Miss Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. Gibson Cassels, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. W. Claud Fox, Mrs. R. A. Harrison, Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, Mr. E. Monck, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Peters, Dr. and Mrs. B. D. Thomas, Mr. George Gale, Mr. Horsey, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Boile, Mrs. Pipon, a number of young ladies from Haverhill College, St. Margaret's and from Miss Veal's school.

Colonel and Mrs. Eyde of Montreal are in town for a visit of some weeks. Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick returned from England on Tuesday.

The engagement of Mr. N. W. Rowell of Toronto and Miss Nellie Langford, daughter of Rev. J. Langford, of Owen Sound, is announced. Mr. Rowell is a rising young barrister, and though he was not made an M.P. as his friends intended last year, he has won another prize, which will be of more permanent value.

Miss Helen B. Reid is visiting Miss Bertram of Walmer road. Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones and their family have recently taken Mr. Sanford Evans' late residence, owned by Mr. John Gibb, in Pine Hill road, Rosedale. Miss Kate Ross returned from a visit in London last week. Mr. Mackenzie of London has been in town on a visit to Mrs. Vickers, mother of Miss Agnes Vickers, fiancée of Mr. Mackenzie. Miss Mackenzie of Kincardine has gone home, after a very pleasant visit to Miss Jennings. Miss Mackenzie's marriage will take place very soon to a prominent and wealthy resident of the United States.

Miss Nina Fischer of Howland avenue entertained a few young friends at a pretty pink tea on Monday, February 25, in honor of her cousin, Miss Edna Cowper, of Buffalo. Among those present were Miss Dora Robinson, Miss Pearl Robinson, Miss Ethel Platt, Miss Irene Wilson, Miss Lillian Sloan, Miss Amy Buchner, Miss Violet Copp, Miss Flo Lovens, Miss Leah Walker, Miss Lillian Kent, Miss Muriel Stark, Miss Helntzman, Miss Velda Helntzman, Miss Jessie Thomas, Miss Ethel Towler and Miss Violet Paterson.

A correspondent writes: "The most brilliant social function of the Paisley season took place on Thursday evening, the 21st instant, when Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Parrish were at home. The large number of their friends. The spacious drawing-room was beautifully decorated with smilax, pink and crimson carnations, and banked with ferns, palms and large begonias. The hostess, looking charming in a gown of pastel green crepe de chine, with applique of pink and gold, received with her husband. Progressive euchre was indulged in until midnight, when a most recheche supper was tastefully served. Dancing then followed, and was kept up until 4 a.m., when the guests departed, voting Mr. and Mrs. Parrish the most successful host and hostess."

Mr. and Mrs. J. Orr of Stratford are the guests of Mrs. Midford, 365 Wellesley street, where they will stay for a week, after which they will sail for England and the Continent.

The officers and members of the Toronto Jewish Literary and Social Union have issued invitations for their annual At Home to be held in Assembly Hall, Temple Building, Thursday evening, March 7. An energetic committee have been hard at work for the past month making extensive preparations, and the affair promises to be one

of great social interest. Tickets may be obtained from any of the executive.

A man had a funny experience at a dance recently. In the set of lancers with him was a remarkably pretty girl, whose bright glances made such an impression on the beau chevalier, who really is as handsome as he is appreciative, that he returned them with a good deal of interest, and on those brief occasions open to every dancer of the grand chain, managed to convey to the smiling unknown that he was not unaware of her superior charm. Presently "returning to his muttons," i.e., having a discreet spasm, he begged an introduction from a matron seated beside the belle. They floated away in a deum-temps, and to make conversation the cavalier remarked upon the enjoyable lancers they had participated in, and confessed in a general way how much her presence had enhanced the dance. The remark struck him as falling rather flat, the damsel not looking as comprehending as he could have hoped. He felt a bit sat upon, and was returning the pretty girl to her seat beside her chaperon, when to his amazement an exact double of his partner, with the unmistakable old twinkle in her eye, and every detail of frock and jewel duplicated, occupied it. He stared, considered, and realized that he had only captured the wrong twin.

The ladies of the Toronto District W.C.T.U. held their annual high tea on Tuesday night in the parlors of the Broadway Methodist Tabernacle. The tea tables, sixteen in number, looked particularly attractive, decorated with roses, tulips, daffodils, and other flowers, and as each table seated eighteen guests, and most of them were filled twice, the attendance must have been most gratifying to those who had worked so hard to make it so, and must have added materially to the finances of that excellent institution, the Frances E. Willard Home for Girls. After tea an interesting programme was much enjoyed.

I was much in error in stating that Mrs. George Carruthers was in town. Mr. Carruthers is here, but Mrs. Carruthers "not," as the Germans put it. On Wednesday, Mr. Carruthers entertained a party of gentlemen at the Hunt Club for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner in honor of Capt. Churchill Cockburn last night.

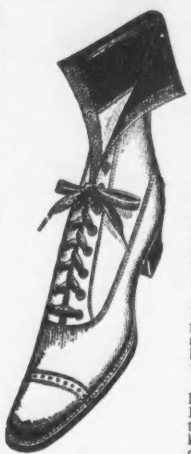
Sheriff Widdfield left Toronto for a trip to Old Mexico. He expects to be absent for a couple of months, and will return by way of California, visiting Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Francisco and other points of interest.

The Ontario Auxiliary of the Daughters of the Empire met on Wednesday afternoon, in the Gallery of the Woman's Art Association. Nominations for the Executive Committee were received and a number of chapters reported in process of formation. It is desired that chapters be formed in every city and town in the British Empire. The Federation exists already in a well-organized condition in Australia, in South Africa, in India and in the Bahamas, while in Canada many branches and chapters have been formed. Mrs. Clarke Murray of Montreal is the founder, and owing to her untiring energy and capability, the Federation is fast becoming a large and influential movement. All branches and chapters in Ontario are under the supervision of the Ontario Auxiliary, and information regarding the same will be supplied on application to the secretary. The following are the officers of the Ontario Auxiliary: Honorary vice-president, Miss Mowat, Government House; president, Mrs. Nordheimer; vice-presidents, Mrs. Hugh MacMahon, Mrs. H. S. Strathy; treasurer, Mrs. John Bruce; secretary, Mrs. R. E. A. Land. A meeting of the Auxiliary was held in the Gallery of the Woman's Art Association on Wednesday, February 27, at 11 a.m.

Very great regret is the feeling everywhere expressed at the proposed leaving for Montreal of Mr. A. R. Creelman, who has decided upon a step and will go east in a short while. Society, sport, legal, and church circles will all miss Mr. Creelman sadly, who, with his popular family, has lived here so long.

The musicale of the Toronto Cane Club, held in the club's parlors on Friday evening last, was a most pleasant and successful affair. The programme was excellently rendered by Mrs. Perold Clarke, Miss Annie Foley, Mr. Percy Brownell, Miss Miss Adele Sylvain, and Messrs. Bonsall and Kidner. At the close of the musicale an informal dance was indulged in till nearly midnight. Among those present were Mr. P. H. Anger, Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong, Miss Beauchamp, Miss E. M. Brand, Mr. George M. Begg, Mr. J. P. Breen, Mr. R. E. Bonnell, Mr. E. A. Burns, Mr. E. A. Blackhall, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clarke, Miss Avelina B. Coulter, Miss Cox, Mr. A. G. Cumming, Miss Cowper of Buffalo, Mr. A. E. Cuff, Miss Dickenson, Miss Dixon, Miss Dill, Miss Dunn and Miss F. Dunn, Miss J. N. Duguid, Mr. R. W. Elgie, Miss Nina Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimons, Miss Clara Fahey and Miss Susie Fahey, Miss A. M. Graham, Mr. William Galloway, Commodore and Mrs. George A. Howell and the Misses Howland, Miss Hadley, Miss Vera Hornbrook, Miss Haskett, Miss Vera Hornbrook, Miss Eva Holden, Miss R. Hugard, Mr. J. Harmer, Mr. Hal. R. Harmer, Mr. Hoops, Mr. W. F. Hayes, Mr. L. W. Hicks, Miss Edith Jeffrey, Mr. Horace M. Jackson, Miss E. V. Kennedy, Mr. W. B. Kendall, Mr. Graham Kelsey, Mr. Harry L. Kelson, Mr. S. Irwin Kennedy, Mr. F. Kidner and Mr. R. Kidner, Miss Little, Mr. H. C. Little and Mr. George F. Little, Mr. T. Lalor, Jr., Mr. Fred Love, Mr. A. H. Loughhead and Mr. M. Loughhead, Miss Barber and Miss Victoria Barber and Miss Madden, Miss M. Morton and Miss L. Morton, Miss McHardy, Mr. S. Mann, Mr. James W. McConnell, Mr. Everett McNichol, Rear Commodore J. Mulrhead, Miss C. Nesbitt and Miss E. Nesbitt, Miss Florence Nixon and Miss Ruby Nixon, Miss Margaret O'Neill, Mr. J. O. Oliver, Miss Margaret H. Philip, Miss Pringle, Mr. W.

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THE LOW BIRTHRATE

ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES SIMPSON, M.A., IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

At the recent session of our Provincial Synod a resolution was passed expressing deep anxiety at the abnormally low birthrate in the Province of Ontario; and a committee was appointed to consider the whole subject of vital statistics for the Ecclesiastical Province.

This matter has produced a good deal of comment in the secular press, and of necessity must, in the near future, demand the very serious attention of the community at large. For not only is Ontario suffering in this respect, but many other parts of Canada as well, and I am certain that if we had any means of obtaining statistics for this province we should make almost as poor a showing as the more western ones. Nor does it apply to our Dominion alone. At the Church Congress held at Bradford, England, last month the Dean of Ripon raised the note of alarm, and said: "If this state of things went on, it was a case in which the nation must go down. It would be a case of national suicide, which was all the more terrible to them as Christians, because it meant the forsaking of the natural law of God. For the sake of what? For the sake of a wretched calculation and childless homes where luxury and ease should dwell."

The question is also becoming a very live one in the United States, and not before its time, while France is actually at a standstill with regard to its population, the annual excess of births over deaths being only one per thousand inhabitants throughout the whole country; and deaths are in excess of the births in nearly half of the eighty-seven departments, or counties.

You will gain a better idea of the variation of the birthrate in different places if I give you a few statistics. In the year 1895 the birthrate in the Province of Quebec was about 38 for every 1,000 inhabitants; in England it was 30.1-2 per 1,000; in France nearly 25; in Ontario only 18.5-4. Thus you see the rate in Ontario was lower than that of France, and only half of that of Quebec. In 1896 there was a slight improvement in Ontario, the rate being 20.4 per 1,000, but this was probably the result of a new and more stringent registration act which came into force at that time. But the chief cause of alarm is not so much that any one year shows a low birthrate in any one country, but that for the last quarter of a century there has been an almost steady decrease. In 1874 France's rate was 25.1-4; now it is only 22. England's was 36; now it is 30.1-2. Germany's was 40; now it is 35.1-2, and so on.

What is the cause of this? It has been claimed that the poor showing in the Province of Ontario is due to a certain extent to defective registration, and this may be partly true. It is quite possible that a number of births, especially in the country districts, are not registered, although one would imagine that this would apply equally well to the country districts of the sister province of Quebec. But this does not account for the annual decrease in the rate, which undoubtedly arises principally from two causes, first, the low marriage rate, and, second, the unwillingness of women to become mothers and the consequent extensive use of artificial checks to prevent conception taking place; or, worse still, the wilful murder of unborn children by the practice of abortion.

These are not pleasant subjects to deal with. A congregation is apt to be shocked at any reference to such matters from the pulpit, while it listens without a blush to St. Paul's very plain language about the sin of impurity in his various epistles. There is a peculiar kind of morality abroad which allows the perusal of the most purulent sort of literature, so long as a person is married, the witnessing of most lewd plays at the theatre and the performance of most questionable acts between husband and wife, but is too modest to listen to any condemnation of such things from those whose duty it is to speak about them.

The clergy may preach about intemperance as much as they like; they may denounce gambling and its kindred evils; they may refer to any other sin in the decalogue in the plainest terms, but any mention of the sin of lust or impurity (especially in a mixed congregation) must be so veiled, or merely hinted at, that no one can be quite certain what is meant, and those who are guilty flatter themselves that it cannot be very wrong or it would be dealt with more vigorously and definitely. Such mock modesty is surely born of Satan for the furtherance of his own vile ends. Are we to see the morals of the community depraved, the holy estate of matrimony degraded to a state of monogamous prostitution, and the slaughter of the innocents a thousand times more awful than that of Herod indulged in, without raising a warning voice—without denouncing the iniquity in the name of God? If those whose office and duty it is to teach the people the law of God hold their peace and keep silence, how shall the world be convinced of sin?

It is constantly said by medical and other writers upon this subject, "This is a matter for the merchant, to deal with," and, thank God, the church is, at last, awakening to her sense of duty, and intends to deal with it. Synods and conferences are taking it up; some vigorous leading articles have lately appeared in the church papers on both sides of the Atlantic, and the clergy must face the situation, lay aside their scruples and speak out with no uncertain sound.

We are in the little corner of the world here. We may be—trust we are—freer from these evils than they in the larger cities of the mainland, but I know we are not altogether free from them, and therefore I must do my part, at the risk of giving offence and of shocking the susceptibilities of those who prefer that the wounds of sin should putrify in their concealment rather than they should be uncovered that they may be healed.

First, let us deal with the low marriage rate. And immediately the ques-

tion suggests itself to you, doubtless. What has the church to say against a low marriage rate? There is surely no sin in abstaining from matrimony if one desires so to do. That is perfectly true. But what are the causes of the decrease in the number of marriages of late years? Is it because men are getting more continent; that sensual desires are not as strong now as formerly? Alas! the enormous number of prostitutes gives the lie to such a suggestion. The calculations of the most competent investigators gave the estimated number of public prostitutes in England in 1891 (the last census year), as 315,000; in France as 467,000. And neither Canada nor the United States can cast stones at Europe in this matter. (Ussher.) Is the decrease because the poorer people, the laboring classes are becoming more provident and unwilling to enter upon the holy estate of matrimony until they are better provided with this world's goods? No; I believe I am right in saying that there is little perceptible decrease in marriage among the poorer classes of the community. It is the middle and upper classes who offend in this, and the reason is the growing self-indulgence of the age. Young men and women are not willing to make that self-sacrifice required to start married life in an humble way. They must begin their housekeeping with as much style as they have been used to in their own homes. Luxuries which their parents never dreamed of in the early days of their married life they consider necessities. They must keep their place in society and entertain as well as their neighbors, and until all this can be done they will not undertake the responsibilities of matrimony. The consequence is "that the country is rife with celibate women, to whom their condition is rightly and naturally a wrong and a grievance," while the men too often gratify their passions in unlawful ways; for those who know declare that as the marriage rate decreases prostitution proportionately increases. And it must be borne in mind that prostitution for the sake of livelihood is an outcome of so-called civilization. It is not a relic of primitive man. When wants were few and there were no complex social problems men could marry as early as they liked, for there was always a living to be obtained. Later, over-population, monopolies, competition and the demands of society have placed a succession of barriers around matrimony, and the professional harlot is the consequence.

Has not the church a right to raise her voice against such a state of affairs as this? Dare she remain silent under such circumstances? We have no desire to advocate improvident marriages; there are too many of them already, and matrimony as our exhortation hath it, "it is not by any to be entered upon not taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly or wantonly to satisfy man's carnal lusts and appetites, like brute beasts that have no understanding, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly and in the fear of God, duly considering the causes for which matrimony was ordained."

But when two people have that God-given love, one for the other, it ought to inspire them both with the spirit of self-denial and a readiness to forego many things they have hitherto been used to, if that will enable them to become husband and wife. There is no disgrace in beginning married life in a modest way, and the sacrifices each has to make in turn for the other should but cherish that love which (we are apt to forget) is an image of the love that is between Christ and His church. Christ gave Himself for His church, and we ought surely to be ready to give up something for our wives. "Love if it is worthy of the name must be consecrated by the idea of duty, which frequently implies self-sacrifice; and, so consecrated, it is at once the source and stay of whatever is highest and noblest in life."

The second cause of the prevalent low birthrate is the increased use of artificial checks to fecundity. And here again the luxury and self-indulgence of the age are to blame. It is not among the poor that these practices obtain. It is not those who have the excuse of poverty, but the mercantile, the professional and the leisured classes who are the culprits, because, forsooth, childbearing interferes with their personal comfort, with their position in society, their pleasures, their self-indulgence, and everything must be sacrificed to these. "Formerly it was considered the wholesome duty of the educated and well-to-do to set an example of high morality and Christian practice to their poorer brethren; nowadays the position is reversed. Those in high places have acquired the knowledge which enables them to gratify their passions without becoming parents, and they have not only unhesitatingly adopted the practice, but blame the poor for not following their example."

The Psalmist said: "Lo! children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord." The verdict of the nineteenth century Christianity proclaims them to be "inconveniences." How often do we see advertisement in the papers for the cure of "inconveniences." When Israel forsook God and became idolatrous, the prophet Hosea 9: 14, in announcing the nation's downfall, cried: "Give them, O Lord, what wilt Thou give? Give them a miscarrying womb and dry breasts." A most signal punishment for those who, if faithful to Jehovah, were to be as the sands of the sea for multitude. Now such a condition is considered by many no punishment at all, but is self-inflicted and rejoiced in. "The joyful mother of children" was, in Bible times, the highest type of blessedness; now she is spoken of by her superior and criminally childless sisters as a "propagating drudge," and is despised accordingly.

Those who adopt some of the various unnatural methods in vogue to save themselves the unpleasantness of child-bearing frequently claim that there is no harm in what they do, although they acknowledge that other

methods are sinful. But I am not afraid to assert that every artificial check is immoral, and that one differs from the other only in degree, not in kind, and the desire of the will is the same in all cases.

To be quite plain, the check must either prevent conception or it must kill the embryo after conception. If the latter it is absolute murder—infanticide. For if it is murder to kill a child a moment after it is born, it is murder to kill it a moment before it is born, or a week, or a month, or nine months before it is born. The very instant conception takes place there is the God-given life, and the sin is the same whether that life is strangled at birth, or a few weeks, or months, or years afterwards. Even the laws of the land treat this matter as criminal, and punish it accordingly when found out. On the other hand, while the prevention of conception does not indeed destroy life, it does destroy the potentiality of life, which is moral murder; for every fraud is a choked germ rendered unproductive—an indirect infanticide. In other words, although the occasions cannot be specified, for they are known only to God, there must be such occasions in the natural course of events, when the check prevents a life from coming into existence. God says "let there be life"; man says "there shall not be life, for I will thwart the purpose of the Almighty"; and can this be done without grievous sin?

That you may not think that I exaggerate the prevalence of these practices—that I have set up a man of straw for the pleasure of knocking him down—I will here quote a statement recently made in an American church magazine. It says:

"That the destruction of child-life between conception and birth is a common malpractice among American women, especially of the middle and upper classes, is too notorious to admit of denial, but that this terrible abuse is far more general than most people suppose we have good reason to believe. Abortion is a crime so inhuman, unchristian and damnable that one would naturally suppose that every woman in Christendom would look upon such a criminal operation with the most utter loathing, detestation and horror."

On this shame and humiliation we are compelled to confess that among the older women of the Christian congregation who commune at the Lord's table and shine as leaders in church guilds and societies there are those who actually advise and urge the younger women to resort to an expedient so unrighteous to escape the burdens of motherhood, pool-pooling the idea of its being a sin, and with the shrug of the shoulder saying, "Oh, our best people do it, and so it can't be wrong."—Pulpit of the Cross.

Again, Dr. F. Napheys, an American physician, writes: "The detestable crime of abortion is appallingly rife in our day; it is abroad in our land to an extent which would have shocked the dissolute women of pagan Rome. The crime is common; it is fearfully prevalent. Hundreds of persons are devoted to its perpetration; it is their trade. In nearly every village the midwives stretch out their bloody hands to lead the weak women to suffering, remorse and death. Those who submit to the treatment are not generally unmarried women who have lost their virtue, but the mothers of families, respectable Christian matrons, members of churches, and walking in the better classes of society. Testimony from all quarters, especially from New England, has accumulated within the last few years to sap our faith in the morality and religion of American women." And one more piece of evidence—I could give dozens such, but these will suffice: Some years ago a paragraph went the rounds of the American papers, stating that a practitioner in Chicago acknowledged on his death-bed that he had assisted at not less than 1,500 abortions. Amid the weeping of mothers who refused to be comforted King Herod murdered a few dozen children in the village of Bethlehem, and we proclaim him a most inhuman monster. To-day, not in one village alone, but in scores and scores of places in America and elsewhere, numbers of men out-Herod Herod in his vile deed, while the mothers shed never a tear; and we must not denounce them for fear of shocking the modesty of our hearers. If this abortion murder is so common an occurrence among educated Christian people, how shall we estimate the frequency of that moral murder which is committed by thousands who would shrink with horror from doing anything wrong after conception has taken place.

I said educated Christian people, for, to our shame be it said, that it is not only the sin of the lower classes, but it is also the sin of the Christian. Heathen and Mahomedans, so far as I can learn, know it not; and a recent writer (Ussher) says: "I have taken some trouble to ascertain, and I find that the artificial check system is looked upon with horror by every Jew, both being distinctly immoral, and also wholly ruinous to any nation that might be tempted as to adopt it." Does it not seem strange that the professed followers of Jesus Christ—of

Him who "was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary"—should be the very ones of all others to war so relentlessly against the child-life of to-day?

But, further, it is not only the sin of the Christian, but it is the sin of the Presbyterial Christian—the Christian that does not believe in sacramental confession. Russia, which is under the sway of the Eastern Church, has the highest birthrate of any nation in Europe. The Roman Catholic Church absolutely denies all use of her sacraments to those who frustrate the ends of matrimony; so in that community, among families faithful to their religious duties, such evils cannot exist. And if France, with the lowest birthrate in Europe, be brought forward to refute this, we contend that France has fallen from the Faith, and to a great extent in consequence of this very sin, which leads to infidelity, as it is encouraged by infidelity. The census of 1891 gave the population of France as thirty-eight and one-half millions, and out of that number seven and two-third million men were reckoned as of no religion. This would mean considerably more than half the total number of men, and doubtless many of the remainder were only nominal Christians. One is not surprised at atheists encouraging this sin. They believe that there is no God—no future life—and they therefore feel at liberty to refuse to call life into existence, or to end it by suicide when and how they please. But no Christian—nay! no one who believes in a God—can possibly defend the practice for it certainly presupposes that there is no such thing as any divine interposition or guidance, either in the world or in the individual. This is clearly exemplified by the case of Mrs. Besant, whose writings perhaps more than those of any other author taught and encouraged this plan of controlling this birthrate. About the year 1878 Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, two well-known atheists, gave the first impetus to the movement in England by publishing the "Fruits of Philosophy," an American book, which dealt openly with that which hitherto had only been known to a few, and for which they were prosecuted as the vendors of obscene literature, but were eventually acquitted. The case, however, created a great deal of attention, and much unfortunate publicity was given to the book itself, which consequently had a very large sale; and from that time the birthrate in England has steadily decreased. Shortly after this Mrs. Besant published her own book, "The Law of Population," which also had an immense sale, as it was translated into every language and read by millions of persons. In 1891 Mrs. Besant renounced Atheism and became a Theosophist; she therefore believed in a God and immortality. Immediately she withdrew her book from circulation, although she was offered a large sum for the copyright, and confessed her error in writing. She declared that when advocating the system she considered man to be but an organism, which was produced on the earth and perished upon it, but that as soon as she realized that man was immortal she became convinced that the practice was not only immoral in itself, but also only put one evil in the place of another. How, then, can anyone who professes to believe in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come—for an instant advocate or defend this sin?

Time will not permit me to dwell at any length on the evil effects of these practices upon the individual, upon society and upon the nation. Medical opinion is overwhelmingly against them. French physicians who have large experience are especially vigorous in denouncing their dangers to both sexes. In women they produce hysteria, congestions, inflammations, morbidness and all sorts of nervous diseases; they shorten life and excite a craving for morphine, ether and other drugs.

In society these practices must tend to increase pre-nuptial unchastity, for our women maintain their high standard of virtue—can the marked difference between the chastity of women and that of men continue if there is no fear of exposure and disgrace by becoming mothers?

Then, too, they greatly encourage divorce. For, undoubtedly, the presence of children over and over again averts the separation of husband and wife. Quarrels are made up and differences are borne with for the sake of the children, and from the unwillingness of either parent to be parted from them. In the case of the childless marriages there is no such restraining influence, and divorce is consequently sought upon the slightest provocation. And if this system is morally and physically wrong in the individual; if it undermines the sanctity of family life, the very foundations of well-ordered society, it is also disastrous to the nation. The decay of the Roman Empire is a striking instance of this. The poet Juvenal describing the many causes which were bringing about the downfall of that empire, in his sixth satire, frequently mentions the neglect of child-bearing ruins a woman's health; that people cannot afford large families; that parents in temporary sickness or having chronic disease ought not to beget children, and so on. All which is perfectly true.

But human beings differ from the lower animals, in that they are able to control their sensual desires, and in cases like these desires must be controlled, except, at least, at those regular times, when God, who knoweth all our needs, has provided that

conception will not take place. Temperance in conjugal matters is as imperative as temperance in eating and drinking; and excess in any of these brings its own punishment. Self-control is the first condition of all morality. To command the passions, not to be a slave to them, is man's proper state, and the man who does not command them is every whit as bad as the drunkard, although his excesses are hidden from the eyes of his fellows, as the drunkards are not. The present state of society, the difficulty in providing for large families, or the ill-health of a husband or a wife, may demand a greater exercise of self-control, but it can never condone a sin, let alone such a sin as infanticide.

My dear brethren, I have felt constrained to speak to you thus plainly to-night because of the pressing need of checking the insidious vice which is everywhere taking possession of our homes. A few years ago this subject had been better left to some special occasion; but so rapidly has the knowledge of the evil increased of late that now there is little fear of teaching that which is not already known, and even if this danger did exist, there is the still greater danger of allowing the practices to pass unchallenged for the sake of a warning word. I am sure that many offenders have no idea of the sinfulness of them. They may feel that they are not altogether right and honest, but they know so little of physiology that the enormity of the sin does not manifest itself to them, and how are they to learn it unless the clergy speak out.

I can assure you it has been no easy task for me thus to speak, and if it has given you pain in listening, I am certain my pain in speaking has been tenfold greater than yours. But if my speaking, through God's mercy, be the means of checking this sin in the least degree—if it be the means of winning the light of day and the crown of life for one babe yet unborn; if it be the means of making husbands and wives realize that married life is for something more than the selfish gratifications of the lusts of the flesh, then I am willing to bear the pain, aye, and the censure that is likely to follow from some quarters, knowing that if I kept silence any longer I should be guilty before God of my brother's blood.

This is far too solemn a subject to jest about. If you have to talk of it at all, do it with the full realization of its sinfulness. And judge no one. There are, thank God, many married people, who, although childless, or with one or two children, are living pure, chaste, continent lives. There are others who from some physical cause are temporarily or permanently unfruitful. That such lie under a certain suspicion, in some minds, is unfortunately unavoidable in the present state of society. But I beg of you, in God's name, to judge no one. Exercise your Christian charity; never say even to yourself that you suspect any person. Leave the matter in God's hands, where it belongs; and pray ever and earnestly that this stone of reproach may be rolled away, and that once more "marriage may be honorable to all, and the bed undefiled."

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It was not one of those lovers' quarrels which are got up for the sake of enjoying the sweets of "making it up again," but a real, genuine affair in which both parties felt thoroughly aggrieved. They parted in anger, and next day the lady wrote him the following note:

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ents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether!"

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Curious Bits of News.

As a result of a heavy rain in California a few days ago, the town of Merced had a unique society wedding. The streets were flooded, the bride's house was surrounded by water, and the groom, minister, and guests were carried from carriages on the backs of the hackmen.

The quarantine officer of the California State Board of Horticulture has received from Australia a consignment of tachina flies, which are expected to exterminate the grasshoppers of the State. The tachinas are said to be the hereditary enemies of the 'hoppers, and are guaranteed to do no injury to trees or vines, but to devote their time and energies strictly to the purpose for which they are imported. The flies will be kept in cold storage, at a temperature of about 35 degrees, until May, when they will be liberated simultaneously with the annual appearance of the grasshoppers.

The "Educational Review" says that the difficult problem of the corporal punishment of school boys may be rendered less serious by the invention, recently reported, of an "automatic castigator." It is said to consist of a chair in which a delinquent can be placed and by which he is immediately gripped. A delicate mechanism regulates the number and intensity of the descending strokes of a good supple cane, and an Edison phonograph reels off moral maxims, which drown the cries of the culprit.

Three countries are offering large sums of money to architects. So soon as the site of the new Australian capital is definitely settled, competitive plans will be invited for the public buildings. The idea is to make the new capital not only the handsomest but also the healthiest city in the world. For these plans a premium of \$25,000 is offered, and the architect whose scheme is accepted will be famous. Brussels began two years ago offering prizes for the best new buildings erected in the course of each year. This year sees Paris doing the same thing. In every new street opened in future in Paris the architects of the four handsomest houses will receive from the City Treasury a prize of \$200 for each, while their respective owners will be entitled to a remission of half the house-tax.

Archbishop Temple, of Canterbury, began his career as a bishop on the biggest episcopal throne in Europe. It is at the Exeter Cathedral. Composed of the very best oak, with magnificent carving, executed by the most expert designers of the day, the throne soars upward in beautiful tapering pinnacles, which rise up to the lofty roof of the sacred edifice. The throne is not only the biggest, but one of the oldest. It was saved from destruction by the Puritans by the ingenuity of the Cavaliers, who pulled down the throne and divided it into 365 pieces—one for every day of the year. The pieces were safely secured in many hiding places, and when peace was restored the pieces were put together again without the aid of a single nail.

It seems scarcely possible that the weather can drive men systematically to drink, yet that it does so is the conclusion reached by Edwin G. Dexter, the results of whose careful investigations are published in the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science." Mr. Dexter's methods are ingenious. From the records of the New York city police were copied the number of arrests for drunkenness within the city limits for each day of the three years 1893-94-95; 63,117 in all. At the New York station of the United States weather bureau were then copied the mean temperature, barometer, and humidity, the total movement of the wind, the character of the day, and the precipitation for each of the 1,095 days of those three years. By tabulation Mr. Dexter establishes pretty clearly the connection between the weather and intemperance, showing that drunkenness is increased by low temperature, to some extent by high barometer, by high humidity, and also by high wind.

Books and Their Makers.

MARY MELVILLE, the Psychic, by Flora MacDonald (Toronto, the Austin Publishing Company, Limited), a volume of 257 pages, is alleged to be a narrative of facts, happening near Toronto, and has an introduction by William Newton Barnhardt, M.B., and a "Foreword" by B. F. Austin, B.A., B.D. Mr. Austin proclaims the truth of the story as told, and insists that "Mary Melville's life was prophetic of the New Era of Psychic Unfoldment upon which the human race is now entering. What she did multitudes will yet accomplish, and the hour is not far distant when humanity will be forced to recognize the latent powers of the human soul in clairvoyance, psychometry, soul flight, telepathy, prophecy, and in transcending the apparent barriers of time and sense."

The story opens with the shock which Robert MacDonald and Robert MacTavish, who were born and bred in Calvinism, received when the former's baby, hardly a month old, died without baptism and the Presbyterian minister intimated that it had gone to hell. MacTavish threw a stool at the preacher's head and picked up the coffin and carried it out of the church. The two Roberts had it buried by the Catholic priest, and afterwards joined the Roman Catholic Church. There is nothing logical in Calvinists dodging infant damnation and landing in a belief in purgatory, but the opening chapters clear the way for a general campaign against religious sects which is worthy of Marie Corelli except in bitterness and power. Flora MacDonald, who is a Toronto lady, has the material in her, both of a literary and magnetic sort, which will some day produce a book very much more captivating than the fairly well-told story which is under review. She appears to have been hampered by an effort to convey on paper actual incidents of which she was cognizant. One cannot effectively tell a story of this sort without surrounding it with the testimony of all the people who were acquainted with the facts. The ordinary reader will consider the narrative as inconclusive and as full of imaginary incidents as a dime novel, but those reading it in the light of truth and history will consider it very well put together, and worth the attention of every reader.

Mary Melville, a granddaughter of one of the Calvinists who joined the Church of Rome, is the daughter of a well educated, but shiftless, man who wasted his own and his wife's property trying one thing after another and succeeding nowhere. Early in life the chair upon which Mary sat would get up and follow her across the room, and would jump at those who either criticized Mary Melville, or the influence which made material things obey her bidding. She went through the Prince of Wales College at Bellview, not only head of her class, but ahead of her years, and at the time of the Centennial was elected Vice-President of the Mathematical Society of Chicago, which had a representative gathering of the most up-to-date mathematicians of the world at the capital of Pennsylvania. Here she delivered an address on mathematics which startled all the wisacres gathered there, and, as the narrative states, "it just came to me as I gave it to you." She could do Algebra and Euclid without studying, could read the minds of such able men as Colonel Ingersoll, and was a student of medicine when she died, at that time only about eighteen years old. A halo shone about her head sometimes, and the little girlish creature had no physical force or mental quality which entitled her to the prominence she received. Everywhere she was admitted to be a psychic phenomenon, and when she died was in a cataleptic trance for several days before she finally slipped away from the world altogether. Doctors from all over Canada gathered about her bedside and, of course, disagreed as to whether she was alive or dead, and finally as to what caused her death.

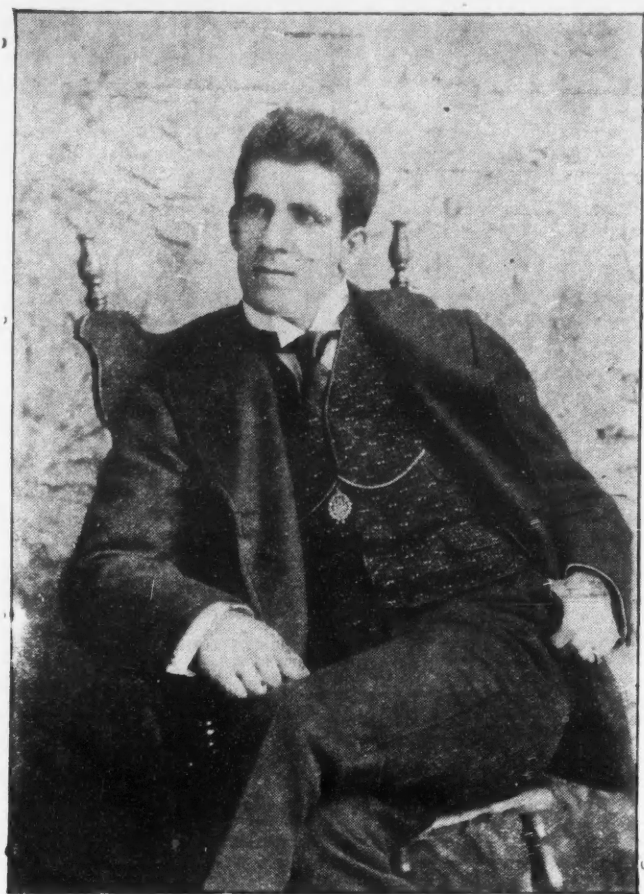
This sort of a story is likely to be interesting only to those who believe in the occult manifestations which are seen largely, if not altogether, amongst and by spiritualists. But the true story-telling style and the enchainment and touching magnetism of the writer are all there. I would suggest that in her next attempt she should free herself entirely from facts and give more scope to her imagination. If one desires to be believed, the harmless adjuncts of fiction turn the true story into a novel, and to such an extent turn the novel into a true story that the book loses the charm of both. Mary Melville, the Psychic, is worth reading, but will not convince any, who are not spiritualists in advance, of its truth. To those who read it as a novel it would be criticized as having too much religion of the controversial sort in it and too many incidents which are beyond the credulity of the average person.

The Duke, by J. Storer Clouston (Toronto, the Copp, Clark Company, Limited), is not quite as good a story as The Lunatic at Large, by the same author, but is more vulgar, though doubtless it depicts the inner life of the hangers-on of great people. The Duke of Grandon dying, leaves all of his property to an Australian fourth cousin once removed—a man whose father the dying Duke had irretrievably injured. The new Duke turns the title and town house over to Jack Kavanagh, who had saved the young nobleman's life in Australia. Kavanagh gets drunk and fills the house with his disreputable friends, and proposes to nearly all the young ladies who are introduced to him, while Lambert, the real Duke, hunts up the only surviving witnesses of the episode which disgraced his father. Of course as he does this he meets a young lady with whom he falls in love. This young lady was the daughter of a woman who had borne false evidence against Lambert. Hassle's father, but the marriage forever quiets this scandal, and everything ends well. It is an exceedingly entertaining book, but the time spent in reading it will be esteemed wasted if it could be devoted to anything better.

Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker, by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., author of Lord North and His Friends, The Adventures of Francois, etc. (Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto). This book has been issued in the United States for a good many months, and I remember reading sections of it when it ran as a serial. It is a story of the time of Washington, and the scene is laid in and about Philadelphia. The style is as perfect as Dr. Mitchell's always is, and the incidents are sufficiently thrilling to absorb the attention of the reader until the small hours of the morning. Nearly 600 pages of character sketches are given, of some of the leading men who engaged in the Revolution, and the fashion of telling it is so delicate and engrossing that no one can put it aside until every picture has been engraved upon the memory. The motive of the author is not dislike of the British, but his usual tendency to exalt the culture and characteristics of the social class from whom his forefathers came. To those going on a trip, or with plenty of leisure time, this book will prove a very interesting companion.

"Mother, how many De Reszkas are there?" "Two, my son; Jean and Edouard." "Oh, I thought there were three; Jean and Edouard and their father, Paderewski."—New York "Life."

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James J. Corbett, the prize fighter, has been writing for the New York World telling how he trained for his recent fight, and in telling how he brought his strength and endurance to the "highest pitch" used the following illustration:

"The average fighter, in training, follows certain cast-iron rules of diet, and works like a plough horse from morning to night. In order to bring his strength and endurance to the highest pitch he takes that strength and endurance to the utmost every day, and goes into the ring nervously exhausted, overstrained and (unconsciously) tired out."

"One might just as well try to tune a piano up to concert pitch by banging out noisy marches on it all day."

"The piano-tuner keys up each string carefully, testing every move and noting its effect before trying another."

"This is what I did at Lakewood."

"I simply exercised each set of muscles as I thought best, and took Hutch regularly to keep my system in good working order and well toned up to meet the extraordinary strain put upon it. I found that Hutch was most remarkable in its assistance towards bringing me the superb condition I was in when I entered the ring with Jeffries. I verily believe that I would not have made the good showing I did had it not been for the Hutch which I took regularly each day. Hutch is a most remarkable feature and I recommend it to everyone, whether they are athletes or not, as being the very best system tonic in the world to-day."

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Men Who Make Fortunes For Others.

In a recent sketch of Professor Ellisha Gray the opening sentences have a curious interest. They are as follows: "Professor Ellisha Gray was reckoned one of the three foremost inventors of the century. At sixty-three, however, in spite of a brain which had made many men millionaires, he found himself a poor man." Not many months ago there died in a Southern city the inventor of the type-setting machine which is now in use in nearly all the newspaper offices in the world. Among the things he left behind was a pamphlet bitterly complaining about the treatment he had received in regard to his invention, and expressly in reference to the charge that there was a disposition to drop his name from the machinery, and thus to rob him of his reputation as an inventor.

It happened that both of these men were kind and charitable. Professor Gray was a man of wonderfully sympathetic nature, and was always eager to do something for others. It is related in the "Saturday Evening Post" that on Christmas Day, when he saw a number of poor people whom he could not help, as he had spent all his money, he could not restrain his tears. He cried in pure sympathy with the poor people of misfortune.

For years it has been said that the inventor was always cheated; that he did not get the full benefit of his brains, and that speculators made the fortunes which should have been his. To a certain degree this has been true, but there are many exceptions to the rule. The modern inventor is generally a good business man who gets at least a reasonable return for his happy ideas. Within the past twelve months at least a dozen inventors have died leaving large fortunes to their families. Of course the few who have not the business sense, or who are as unfortunate as to get into the hands of men who take advantage of their business inexperience, make everyone extremely sorry for them.

But it is nevertheless true that in these modern days the creators either

of machinery or of literature have larger opportunities and surer rewards than at any time in the whole history of the world.

The American Cereal Company has been anxious to get into the cereal-specialty business for some time. Not long ago they made a direct offer of \$1,500,000 for the Postum Cereal business, which was the third offer made.—"Grocery World" of Philadelphia.

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Captain—What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it. Irish Sergeant—Well, strategy is when ye don't let the enemy discover ye are out of ammunition, but keep right on firin'—"Tit-Bits."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama



DANIEL L. HART'S play, Melbourne, which was presented at the Grand the first half of this week, was distinctly interesting, and with a little clearing up of the plot will be an assured success. The interest centers on the personality of Michael Patchett, alias Purdy, a big, awkward, and illiterate Kentish peasant, who in some mysterious and quite unlikely way becomes a sacrifice to save an aristocratic forger, whom he seems to suspect as also the betrayer of his wife. This is the impression of the plot which reached me, and I found it slightly irrational. Purdy goes to the convict settlement in Australia, serves his time, and subsequently discovers a fabulous amount of gold in the Antipodes. When the play opens he is expecting the arrival by steamer of his only child, Peggy, and employs an unwilling and uninterested man of business—the son, as it turns out, of the aristocratic forger—to look after his affairs. Peggy and her maid arrive, and it takes three acts to show the father (but not the audience) that Peggy is a wily stage adventuress, and her maid Purdy's real daughter. The character of the awkward, stammering and big-hearted old convict-miner has been created in a masterly manner by Frank Mordaunt. His uncouth gestures, sudden gusts of passion, plain speaking to the arch villain and adoration of his daughter, were all well knit together to make the type one not easily forgotten. Mr. Mordaunt's every word and motion were crude, pitifully inadequate to express his thoughts, and the way he embraced the girl he imagined his daughter contrasted well with his reverential touch of the quiet little serving-maid who, from the first, had a subtle attraction for him. The whole cast were excellent in their parts. Miss Agnes Rose Lane, who was laden with rich and beautiful bouquets and a huge basket of flowers from her Toronto friends, was very exquisitely gowned, and exceedingly pretty. Her conception of the adventuress was fine, especially when she was carrying what she described most pithily as a "jag"—a sufficiently deplorable sight indeed in her rich ball gown and feathers; she was most ably seconded by Paul Cazeneuve as a bogus Italian count, after old Purdy's nuggets. Those who have seen this clever young Italian in Salvini parts rather wished him in a role better suited to his talents. He had not much scope, and was quite too frank and honest looking for the scheming count. Mr. Taylor Granville as "Spotty," the Cockney shipping-office clerk, was a great success. Mr. Harry Keenan, as the honest son of a dubious papa, was a frank and manly young Englishman who finally captures the real heiress and unmasks the adventuress. Mr. Walter Clifford made an arch conspirator as Peggy's "manager" and fellow plotter. Melbourne is now on its trial trip, and will be likely to attain success, if only for its interesting central figure, the queer, uncouth and pathetic convict-miner.

Pawn Ticket Two Hundred and Ten, played at the Princess this week, has as wildly improbable a plot as ever was thrown into a drama of any description—wild and improbable enough for opera bouffe. But it abounds in melodramatic situations, comedy sketches, and character study of a pleasing if superficial kind. The Valentines seem at last to have struck the vein of their clientele, and as a result they have been playing for several weeks past to packed houses. Probably the cleverest piece of work of an individual member of the company in the production of Pawn Ticket Two Hundred and Ten was that of De Witt C. Jennings as Josiah Gregg, a wolfish, pettifogging lawyer and the villain of the story. As a sneaking snarling, semi-respectable criminal, both looking and acting the part of a combined schemer and bluffer, Mr. Jennings gave a character study that would do credit to any stage in the country. Anne Blanche, as Mag, was, as always, sweet and ingenuous, while Robert Evans scored another success as Uncle Harris, a Hebrew pawnbroker as much wronged by Gentiles as wronging them.

There was a splendid show at Shea's this week, with Jessie Bartlett Davis as the leading feature. Mrs. Davis is supposed to be the highest-paid singer in vaudeville, and indeed of the three noted contraltos that we have had at Shea's within the past few weeks, she is by far the most pleasing. Her solos, Good Night, and Just Because I Love You, were both received with unmistakable appreciation. As an encore Mrs. Davis sang O Promise Me, that pretty little love song written especially for her by DeKoven. Bellman and Moore gave a very clever singing and dancing sketch, the best thing of its kind that we have seen here for some time. Mr. Peter Baker is a clever German dialect comedian and yodler, with a fund of quaint humor. He also displayed his powers at recitation by giving The Scottish Brigade, which aroused the martial ardor of everyone present. James Richmond Glenroy appeared on a return visit with a fresh stock of epigrams and local gags, and created ten minutes of genuine mirth. A decided novelty in the way of canine acts was Mr. Puelle's number. Puelle is a ventriloquist, and bringing this faculty into play he gives a kind of Punch and Judy show. Some of the dogs are made up to look like miniature horses with dummies on their backs, and the effect was highly amusing. Harry and Kate Jackson gave a laughable sketch illustrating domestic misunderstandings.

Deltorelli, Stephens and Deltorelli gave a fantastic musical absurdity. Violet Dale was a pretty girl with a pretty costume.

At the Toronto this week, the old reliable Haverly's Minstrels provided any amount of fun for people whose tastes lie along the line of burnt cork. The olio was diverting, if not novel, while the street parades of the troupe were characterized by very excellent band music. Next week a "spectacular farce," McFadden's Row of Flats, will be presented at the Toronto.

It was Marie Colombier that wrote a coarse book about Sarah Bernhardt nearly a quarter of a century ago, and in that indecent volume the divine "Sara"—it is without the "h" in those days—was dubbed Madame Barnum. Bernhardt is said to merit the appellation now more than at any time in the past. She is one of the most persistent and most ingenious advertisers and "graters" extant. In this connection an exchange says: "Her menage savors of the menagerie. It is sprinkled with sawdust. The prattle about her personality, her eccentricities and her foibles, her bulldogs and her beauty doctor, her legs and her wrinkles, all tend to create the illusion that she is the great triple-ringed show all under one tent. No other woman ever made so much money out of free advertising." Apropos, here are a few choice stories that are now going the rounds: Some twenty years ago, when Sarah Bernhardt first came to this country, her lean and hungry appearance occasioned much remark. She could not be called lissome, for she was bony. An Oriental potentate who was invited to meet her in Paris just before she left for America was asked what he thought of her. "In my country we drown such women," he replied. "All flesh is grass," quoted a Chicago paper shortly after her arrival: "Bernhardt must have been raised during a drought." A minstrel joke of the day involved a guess as to what sort of a present Sarah received in her stocking at Christmas. "A lightning rod," was the answer. Nobody ever thought in those days that twenty years later Sarah Bernhardt would have the "nerve" to exhibit her legs on the stage in such characters as L'Aiglon and Hamlet. Her extreme thinness excited more interest than her art. One odesmith broke forth with:

"How thin is Sara Bernhardt, pa,
That shadow of a shade?"
"My boy, she's just about as thin
As picnic lemonade."

But Sarah, like all things mundane, has changed. When she visits Toronto this spring, no one need stay away from the theater on account of those marvelous limbs. They are no longer the "frights" they used to be.

Mr. Jack Webster, the popular leading man of the Princess, will only commence to realize how many friends he has in Toronto when he gets around again, as every-



MR. JACK WEBSTER.

one trusts he soon may, after his present serious illness. Mr. Webster has been having a hard shaking up, and numerous are the daily inquiries as to the progress of the handsome young patient.

For next week Mr. Shea will offer one of the best bills he has ever presented in Toronto. It will be headed by Grace Van Studdiford, with Ralph Johnson as a special attraction. Miss Van Studdiford was until a few weeks ago a leading member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She has a voice the equal of which has seldom been heard on the vaudeville stage, and her appearance in Toronto is certain to call out the largest audiences ever seen in Shea's Theater. Miss Van Studdiford is also a very beautiful woman, and she wears the most magnificent costumes. Ralph Johnson is a trick cyclist, "but this," says Mr. Shea, "utterly fails to describe his work, his act is the most startling, daring, and marvelous piece of athletic work ever put on the stage." It is impossible to describe his feats, and some of the New York papers have recently referred to him as a "maniac" on a wheel. Bessie Lamb, a "coon shouter," will have some new songs. The Three Lelliotts will have one of the funniest musical acts on the stage. The other features will include Robertus and Wilfrido, equilibrist and jugglers; Will H. Murphy and Minnie Allen, presenting a novelty and comedy entitled The Bifurcated Girl; Oscar P. Sisson and Esther Wallace, assisted by Walter Caryl, in a very interesting sketch; Forbes and Quinn, in a dancing and musical act, and the Cinigraph will complete a very good bill.

The offering at the Princess for the coming week will be the sensational melodrama by Fred Darcy entitled Devil's Mine, which met with a large measure of success in the Eastern States on its initial production, and was a very popular road attraction for several years afterwards. As the title suggests, the play deals principally with the mining element of the far West, and Mr. Darcy is credited with having woven together a story that is replete with the thrilling incidents which lovers of melodrama are invariably partial to. Louis Bresen who will play the leading role, was identified with the same character during an extensive road tour, and also played it a number of times when the piece was put on at the Bowdoin Square Theater, Boston, by the stock company. The play will be handsomely mounted, and the cast will include all of the principal members of the Valentine Company.

A New York paper points out, half in jest, that Andrew Carnegie, instead of using all his spare cash in spoiling the landscape of America with hideous red brick libraries, might use a small part to endow a national theater. There is more kernel in this nut than one might imagine. Theaters are even more generally patronized than free libraries. Whether men of Andrew Carnegie's pattern like this or lump it, the fact abides. So long as the theater remains as great a factor in popular education as it has been during the past fifty years, the enlightened and the wealthy might well devote some of their surplus energy and shekels to guiding its potentialities into broader and deeper channels.

LANCE.

Not Sure He Could Read.

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant. "Yes, sir," replied John. "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it." "Cannot read it?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why so, John?" "Because he is so blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

The Recent Spanish Marriage.



The contracting parties of this royal marriage are both of Bourbon kindred. Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias and Infanta of Spain, is the oldest daughter of Alfonso XII, and consequently a sister of the present King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. She was born at Madrid, September 11, 1880. Her mother, Maria Christina, of the royal house of Austria, is Queen-Regent of Spain during the minority of Alfonso XIII. Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily was born at Gries, in the Tyrol, November 10, 1870. He is the second son of Alfonso, Prince of Bourbon-Sicily and Count of Caserta, the head of the two Sicilies (i. e., Naples and Sicily) branch of the widely ramified Bourbon family. The bridegroom's mother, Princess Antoinette, belongs to the same branch of the Bourbons as his father. Opposition to the match arises from the fact that the bridegroom's father was an important officer of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, in that Prince's armed revolt against the established dynasty, in 1873.

The Bear and the Banker.

JOAQUIN MILLER argues convincingly in his recent book, True Bear Stories, that his heroes and heroines are never cruel, and one of his stories may be quoted as showing the homely, careless kindness—tempered with justifiable resentment—of a grizzly.

With the intention of having some sport with bears, a New York banker chartered a small steamer in San Francisco Bay, and with a party of friends, as well as a great-grandson of Daniel Boone for a guide, sailed up the coast to the redwood wilderness of Humboldt. Here he camped on the bank of a small stream in a madrona thicket, and began to hunt for his bear.

He found his bear, an old female with young cubs. As Boone was naturally in advance when the bear was stumbled on, he had to do the fighting, and this gave the banker a chance to scramble up a small madrona tree.

Of course he dropped his gun. Men always drop their guns, by some singularly sad combination of accidents, when they start up a tree with two rows of big teeth in the rear, and it would have been hardly fair to expect this young bear-hunter to prove an exception.

Poor Boone was severely handled by the savage old grizzly in defence of her young. There was a crashing of brush and a crushing of bones, and then all was still.

Suddenly the bear seemed to remember that there was a second party who had been in earnest search for a bear, and looking back down the trail and up in the boughs of a small tree, she saw a pair of boots.

Leaving poor Boone senseless on the ground, she went for those boots. She stood up under the tree and began to claw for the capitalist—who said afterward that as she stood there she seemed to him to be about fifty feet high.

Then she laid hold of the tree, but with all her strength she could neither bend nor break it. But she kept thrusting up her long nose and longer claws, laying hold of the man's boots, which she pulled off, one after the other with her teeth. Then with her claws she took hold of one garment after another till he had hardly a shred left, and his legs were streaming with blood.

Fearing that he should faint from loss of blood, he lashed himself to the small trunk of the tree by his belt, and then began to scream with all his might to his friends.

When the bear got weary of clawing up at the dangling legs, she went back and began to turn Boone over to see if he showed any sign of life. Then she went back and clawed awhile at the screaming man in the madrona tree. It was great fun for the bear!

To cut a thrilling story short, the party in camp on the other side of the creek finally came within hail, when the old bear gathered up her babies and made her escape up the gulch.

Boone was so badly bitten and crushed that his life was long despaired of, but he finally got well. The bear showed no disposition to eat him while turning him over with her foot and thrusting her nose into his face to see if he still breathed, from which we may conclude that she considered death a sufficient punishment for his interference with her loved little ones.

Jottings.

How apt we are to forget the beginnings of an acquaintance with one who has perhaps become a valued friend—to forget to whom we owe the introduction. So with other friends, as real as helpful, who lead us to higher thoughts—to better lives—the poets and other writers.

To have a definite purpose in life is a great blessing. To waken each day with the knowledge that a fixed task awaits you, and that you have strength, capacity and courage to perform it; and to feel that by thus doing true work you are helping "to raise the average of earthly joy."

An act of heroism, under intense excitement, requires less religion than is needed daily and hourly to live rightly; to feel the sublime charity that thinketh no evil; to admit goodness in those whose "souls have a complexion different to our own."

ERIC WATERS.



COUNT VON BULOW,
Chancellor of the German Empire and by many regarded as the ablest European statesman.

Notes From the Capital.

THE penitential season of Lent, coming on the heels of the mourning consequent upon the death of the Queen, has about knocked out this season, as far as its usefulness to society is concerned. The votaries of pleasure have come to the conclusion that there is no good in struggling against, or even in murmuring at, the dullness, and it is now being cheerfully accepted, and small favors in the way of teas and luncheons are thankfully received. "It is lucky they happened together," says someone with a knack of looking on the bright side, and when one considers the matter one sees that it is fortunate. Lent is usually rather well observed in Ottawa; this year, owing to the official barring of gaiety, it is being kept almost to the letter of the law. Perhaps those who feel this enforced quiet most are the little debutantes who came out informally at the Christmas dances, and were looking forward to a formal presentation at the Drawing-room, and then to the gayest "season" that ever fell to the lot of debutantes. Now they are not sure whether they are "in" or "out," and are thinking regretfully of pretty white frocks, growing old-fashioned on the hooks of the clothes-room. For example, Miss Roma King, one of the fairest of Ottawa's daughters, was to have had her coming-out ball on the very night that the Queen died. But, like wise little debutantes, they are taking the pleasures that come in their way, and looking forward with light hearts to the gaiety of the coronation time. The Rideau skating rink has been the great safety valve wherein superfluous energy could be worked off, learning those graceful but not easy figures of the National Skating Association, which have had so great a vogue in Ottawa since the coming of Lady Minto. Before that day, simple waltzing and hand-in-hand skating, that admitted of much conversation, were all one wanted at the rink. Now it is different, and the girl who does not make a business of skating and keep at the practice of a figure until she masters it, is simply "not in it." The new method of skating is far superior to the old, as far as real interest is concerned, and every morning the rink is well filled with young ladies at every stage of the art. There are men there, too, for Ottawa is a city in which there are always some men who have a good deal of time at their disposal, and they practise quite as energetically as the ladies—if not more so. One Englishman who went on the ice as a beginner at Christmas time is now trying 8's and 3's; but he spends all his mornings at the rink! There was a tea there last Friday, and a party on Monday night, at which the men subscribed to pay for the rink and the band, and the ladies provided the supper. It was very jolly, as such parties always are, and will, no doubt, be repeated on Monday evenings, as long as the ice lasts. Mr. Tredgold, one of the best skaters—though an Englishman—ever in Ottawa, sailed on Saturday last for England.

His Excellency showed his appreciation of the May Court by again attending Dr. Colby's lecture, last Friday night. Lady Minto was not there, but Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby brought Miss Pamela Plowden with them. Captain Bell was the attendant aide. Another large and fashionable audience filled the hall, and again the lecture was followed by a supper party, at which many members of the May Court were among the guests. In fact, as far as the ladies were concerned, they were all May Court girls, which shows that there were no married ladies invited, for matrimony is a bar to membership in the May Court Club. The host and hostess at the supper were Colonel and Mrs. Walker Powell. They were assisted in their pleasant duties by their daughter, Miss Edith Powell.

As I mentioned in last week's letter, suppers are the fashionable form of entertainment. After the concert of the Ottawa Amateur Orchestral Society on Thursday night, Mrs. C. A. Eliot gave a large supper in honor of her guest, Miss Dora Macdougall of Montreal, and there were several small suppers given after rink parties last week.

The Orchestral concert was remarkably good, and not too long, a rare virtue in amateur concerts. People actually were sorry to go home when the end came, and they stayed in their places while the orchestra played "God Save the King"—something quite new to the Russell Theater. The artists who assisted the orchestra were Mr. John Cheshire, said to be the greatest harpist in the world, and Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, a sweet singer of Ottawa, who has beauty, as well as the gift of song, and who was charmingly attired in a graceful gown of white satin, with artistic touches of black velvet. The event was under Vice-regal patronage, but of course Lord and Lady Minto were not there, and the Vice-regal box was without occupants. Mr. C. A. E. Harris, the president of the O. A. O. Society, was in a box, having in his party Mrs. Harris, Mme. Girouard, and Mr. Attwood, organist of St. Alban's. The Premier and Lady Laurier occupied another box. The audience was a distinctly fashionable one.

Of coming musical events, there is the performance of Hiawatha on the 7th of March by the Choral Society. Ottawa's other great musical organization, and on the 20th Mme. Albani and her very good company will be the attraction in the Russell Theater.

Last week there was an interesting function in the Supreme Court, to which a number of prominent ladies were invited. The justices of the Supreme Court—those picturesque personages who grace the opening of Parliament in robes of scarlet and ermine—were "sworn in" by His Excellency the Governor-General. Sir Henry Strong, the Chief Justice, was not there, owing to illness, so Mr. Justice Taschereau, the senior judge, read the resolution of the Court's sympathy. Although it was well worded, this resolution was totally eclipsed by the eloquence of the address made in reply by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, on behalf of the Bar of Canada. It was not, however, what was said that made the function an impressive and memorable one; but the scene itself: the Court-room draped in purple and black, the Supreme Justices in their scarlet robes, with white "weepers" thrown back over their sleeves, and the interesting people that filled the Court-room. The Premier was there, and most of the Cabinet Ministers, with many eminent legal men, Lady Minto, Lady Antrim, the wives of the judges, Lady Laurier, and one or two other ladies. Among the visitors was Mr. Lascelles Carr, of Cardiff, Wales, a well-known British journalist, and the proprietor of several journals. He and Mr. Griffith, also of Wales, are making a tour through Canada, of which we may hear later. Both these gentlemen have been entertained at dinners and luncheons by the prominent men of the Capital. Let us hope they are agreeably impressed.

The Countess of Antrim and Viscount Dunluce, who have been the guests of Lord and Lady Minto since the 7th of January, said good-bye to Ottawa this week, and are sailing shortly from New York for England. Their visit, though quiet, was pleasant, if one may judge from the regret they expressed at its coming to a close. Lady Antrim is a sweet-mannered woman, and both she and her son most favorably impressed any who had the pleasure of meeting them.

Lady Cartwright was the hostess at a very nice tea last Saturday afternoon, given for her guest, Miss Alice McLimont, of Montreal. Miss M. Cartwright, Miss McLimont, and Miss Lola Powell had charge of the pretty tea-table.

AMARYLLIS.

A medical journal says that man's little toe is disappearing. This is comforting news. There will be that much less for the conductor to tread on in a crowded street car.—Washington "Star."

Arabella—George, dear, I want some money. George—Why, I gave you a cheque yesterday. Arabella—Yes, dear, I know, but the doctor said I was to have plenty of change.

The Buck Beaver at McKay's.

THE men of the shanties, the great heavy-shouldered, thick-headed log-rollers and teamsters of the lumber woods, are not usually philosophers. They work and sleep and eat, and smoke, maybe, for a couple of hours after supper; but few of them bother to think. Consequently when Sandy Pew, the boss of the road-cutters, told the stranger it was a matter of principle that brought him to the woods, he was talking of something too abstract to be clearly comprehensible.

"Tweren't poverty as fetched me here," said Sandy. "God knows I have enough o' that at home. It were a matter o' principle."

"What's that?" asked the stranger. He had found his way up the "cadge" road to McKay's that morning through the pine-stripped forest of black birches and balsams. He sat now on the rough-hewn bench before the bunks with his out-door pea jacket and cap on, and the conciliating air of a man in a strange place and in search of a job.

"A matter o' principle?" repeated Sandy, a round-shouldered, dried-up little man. "I'll tell ye. But wait a minute. These jumped-up knees o' mine ha' got to be oiled agin."

Sandy disappeared into a lower bunk. When he emerged he held aloft a suspicious-looking black bottle.

"The lead-teamster's mare had a swellin' on her fore leg as big as your fist. Well, sir, he says he just ribbed about half a pint o' this stuff on it and it took right a-holt, he says. He give me about a quart of it. Smell it."

The stubble-chinned stranger held it to his nose. "Smells strong, don't it?" continued Sandy. "Lots o' oil into it. I been usin' it to beat four, but them blamed knees o' mine are sore yet. Skin's kinder peelin' offen 'em. What's the sign o' that?"

The stranger politely took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Hanged if I know," said he.

Sandy had been tramping snow on what he called a "ma'sh" the day before—he and his "beavers." There was no ice under the snow, as is the wont too often with ma'shes, and Sandy got in water above his shoe-packs. Though the glass outside the cookery door had marked thirty below nearly all day, Sandy stayed out in the woods, and let his socks and trousers freeze to his legs. To-day his knees were rusty and creaked when he walked, if one might take Sandy's word for it.

It was close on to eleven o'clock, which, in the woods, where the "loaders" go to their work by torchlight and all hands turn out of the bunks at four o'clock, is considered plenty late enough for midday noon. The men "dinnered out" at McKay's, and consequently Sandy Pew the buck-beaver, and the stranger had the men's camp to themselves, and moral conversation had an opportunity to flourish.

"A matter o' principle," began Sandy, "is all the difference between a man and a worm."

He had bared a pair of bony knees and was rubbing them diligently with liquid from the bottle.

"A man's got to live up to principle or he ain't a man at all. That's the way I come to be up here at the shanties where a man might just as well be in jail, only for the dollar a day. Indeed (ruminatively) the hours is shorter in a jail. You know I'm a stonemason by trade. I live away down on the front, you know."

"Things pretty dull down there, I guess," insinuated the stranger.

"Tweren't that," interposed Sandy; "tweren't that. It was this matter o' principle I'm telling ye about. I could be making my three dollars a day this minute and more, but I ain't. I'm up here in a lumber shanty."

We started a branch of the Stonemason's Union in our town. I was elected secretary-treasurer, the highest office in a branch union. The order came from the headquarters, "No piecework." Contractors refused to let us work day-work. If we'd all quit we could a-got what we wanted. But they hadn't the sand. They caved. All but Sandy Pew. I quit. I reported the hull thing to Washington and quit. But I had a wife and family. I had to do something. I says if I can't do no better I'll go up to the jumped-up woods and work for a dollar a day—fore I give in. An' I could do as good as any of 'em at piecework, too, an' mebbe better. I'll act the part of a man, anyhow, I says. I claim there ain't no satisfaction for a man unless he does. So here I be—startin' all over agin, where I was thirty years ago. That's what you call a matter o' principle."

"They ain't much money in 'em, is there?" observed the stranger.

"No, there ain't," said Sandy. "That's why they call it a matter o' principle. You see the principal thing ain't money. Satisfaction's the main thing. A man had better work for his board like they was doin' before they put the export duty on logs than cave as soon as he feels a pressure. Principle makes a feller sacrifice himself on a while, but if they was all ready and willin' to do it none o' 'em'd have to."

The cook had hollered "Dinner!" through the cookery door, and Sandy got up to wash his hands and face with the apparatus by the window consecrated to the purpose. A lick and a promise before meals is part of a shanty-man's religion.

"Better come in and have your dinner, stranger," advised the buck. "It'll be twenty-four hours 'fore you get another."

"Guess mebbe I'd better," agreed the stranger. Though he politely struggled to conceal it, there was just a suspicion of heartiness in his tone. S. H.

Peeps Behind the Curtain.

Being Some Confidential Items Not Yet Published in Our Daily Contemporaries.

1901.—The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and their retinue arrived in Toronto on September 23rd, and were received at the Union Station by the Mayor and Council, more particularly the former. The Mayor wore his new sea-shell pink velvet coat, with Nile green pantaloons, royal blue sash, cream silk stockings, antique shoes with German silver buckles, and cocked hat trimmed with Valenciennes lace. His moustache had but recently been taken out of curlpapers. The only blemishes to mar the enjoyable character of the dazzlingly picturesque function were the bad grammar of some of the aldermen and the unaccountable neglect of Their Royal Highnesses to confer a patent of nobility on His Worship.

1902.—On the Twelfth of July, the "World" contained a double-headed editorial set four columns wide, signed W. F. M., formally deposing R. L. Borden, K.C., from the leadership of the Conservative party, reading the

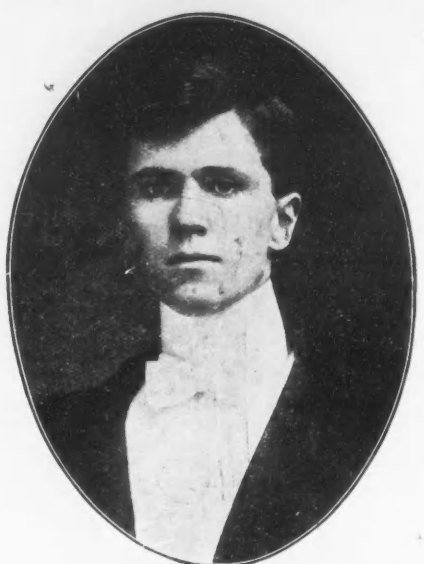
Three Eminent Inventors.



The first is Michael Idvorsky Pupin, inventor of great improvements in long distance telephony; the second is Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, and the third is Nikola Tesla the noted electrician.



Mr. HARRY BULL,
President Ontario College of Pharmacy Annual dinner.



Mr. W. R. VINING,
Secy.-Treasurer College of Pharmacy Annual Dinner.
(See page 11.)

"Mail" and "News" out of the ranks, and conferring on the member for West York the perpetual title of parliamentary king-pin.

1903.—Captain Bernier has undoubtedly reached the North Pole. Strangely enough, it was found to be located precisely as laid down on the maps.

1904.—The Morgan-Rockefeller Syndicate has bought up all the air of the North American continent, and will capitalize it at forty billions of dollars. Mr. Rockefeller ridicules the idea that an advance in the price of this occasionally necessary commodity will ensue. Meanwhile Jim Hill is organizing a trust to control the rivers, lakes, streams, brooks, wells, springs, and squirt guns of the country.

1905.—John Shaw has been elected Mayor of Toronto by the large majority of 17,283. There is no doubt that he of the whiskers is the people's Johnny. His phenomenal popularity, when one recalls the vote of 1900, is truly amazing, and furnishes a striking exemplification of some characteristics of popular government.

1906.—A caucus of the Conservative party in the Dominion Senate was held, at which there was a full and enthusiastic delegation of members. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was elected to the chair by a unanimous vote. The meeting, consisting of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, then proceeded to transact business of importance. The sole survivor of that noble band which once graced the Opposition benches in the red chamber was elected to all the offices in sight, and the Senate Conservative party then adjourned to confer with the member for East York.

1907.—The question, "Is there a surplus, was there a surplus, when will there be a surplus, and if so, how, where, and how much?" is still agitating the mind of Col. Matheson and consuming the time of the Ontario Legislature.

1908.—The Colonial and War Offices have asked the permission of the Dominion Government to enlist another body of Western roughriders for South Africa, for the summer campaign. The special object in view is the rounding up of De Wet.

1909.—We are now assured that the long-talked-of palace hotel for Toronto will certainly materialize—possibly next year. There are, however, a few small preliminaries yet to be arranged.

1910.—The Nations wrecked thirty saloons in Kansas yesterday and burned the proprietors at the stake. His Majesty the Emperor of the United States, Marcus L., will despatch six legions of soldiers to the seat of the trouble at once. LANCE.



London
"Punch's"
conception
of
an appropriate
Valentine
for
the
British
War
Office.

The Rev. Ament seems to be a good collector. When he gets out of his Chinese scrape he ought to be able to find a place on the Tammany police force, remarks New York "Life."

Bliss Carman and the Tea-table School of Poetry.

MR. BLISS CARMAN, who for some years has been known to the public as the leading Canadian poet, has for the most part sung of nature, the sea, and the open sky. In the recently published "Last Songs of Vagabondia," which include also poems by the late Richard Hovey, Mr. Carman adopts what one of his critics terms "the method of the tea-table school of poetry." This critic (in the New York "Sun") thus facetiously describes Mr. Carman's new poetical manner:

"He sings a somewhat astonishing song about an alto-gether astonishing young woman in a poster. Her hair was a raven glory and her chin was small and pointed, and she was depicted, in the poster, as reading a book of which Mr. Carman could not see the title:

With her head in the golden lilies,
She reads and is never done.
Why her girlish face so still is
I know not under the sun.

"His Mysteriarch of Fate he calls her, and he tells us that her mouth was small and chidly, and that as she sat up there in her poster he walked about his chambers looking at her. As he let his fancy have full play, it seemed to him that he could remember her when she was alive and wandering in the ilex-groves of ancient Greece, and before she had gotten herself all out of drawing and become that modern monstrosity, a poster girl!

I remember the woods we strayed in,
And the mountain paths we trod,
When she was a Doric maiden,
And I was a young Greek god.

"After this we are not a bit surprised when in the next poem Mr. Carman tells us that he once tracked a ghostly whisper up the great stairs of time. Following presumably in the footsteps of the ghostly whisper—he

passed through a number of open doors until he came to the place where Beauty's self is at home. And here, down the echoing stairway of being, he heard a thing that must have produced in him a queer sensation:

The tawny velvet accent
Of Liliath as she came
Into the great blue garden
And breathed her lover's name.

"All this has the true tea-and-muffin flavor, as also has the description of Berris Yare, a young woman who had eyes of the Hush-bound—whatever that may be—and crispy dark hair."

A few words of admiration follow for the skill with which Mr. Carman finds a rhyme for the name of Ibsen. The same critic then continues his good-natured railery thus: "After a triumph such as that we can almost forgive Mr. Carman for his song of spring, wherein he tells us that he feels all broken up and thawed, and needs rest and a general mental and spiritual toning up. We can even look with a not unfriendly eye upon such an outburst of somewhat too premeditated humor as:

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through,
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo!

"There's hope for better things of the poet who can thus frankly make confession:

I'm sick of all this puling trash—
And nanby-pamby rot—
A Pegasus you have to thrash
To make him even trot.

I'm sick of all this poppycock
In bilious green and blue;
I'm tired to death of taking stock
Of everything that's "new."

I want to find a warm beechwood,
And lie down and keep still;
And swear a little, and feel good;
Then loaf up on the hill,
And let the spring houseclean my brain,
Where all this stuff is crammed,
And let my heart grow sweet again;
And let the Age be damned."

At a Church Annual Meeting.

A Twentieth Century Church Not a Thousand Miles From Toronto.

REV. MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME having as usual appropriated the chair, and minutes of last meeting having been read and confirmed, the chairman wished to say that he had received a letter from Mr. Zedekiah Moneybags, expressing his regret that he was unable to attend the meeting, which he read as follows: "Rev. Mr. What's-his-name:

"Dear Sir,—It is with extreme grief and sympathy for the congregation that I regret to say I cannot be present at the meeting to-night to illumine it with the effulgence of my presence, and to guide you all by my wise counsels. But be not dismayed. I shall be present in spirit; my presence as a guardian angel shall hover around you, guiding you aright and soothing you under this dark trial. Peace be unto you, my children; bless you, bless you!"

"Yours sympathetically,
"ZEDEKIAH MONEYBAGS."

When this thunderbolt, coming as it did as a bolt from the blue, came crashing among the audience, dismay was pictured in every countenance, and a dead and appalling silence ensued, until Mr. Readywit, having rapidly sized up the situation, and seeing the futility of attempting anything without the presence of such a crystallization of piety and wisdom as Mr. Moneybags undoubtedly was, jumped to his feet and said: "Mr. Chairman,—In view of this alarming and unlooked-for blow, I suggest that this meeting immediately adjourn, sine die."

Mr. Not-so-slow, in arising to second the motion, quite agreed with all Mr. Readywit had suggested except that he proposed, instead of adjourning, sine die, that the chairman of the meeting, mover and seconder of this resolution, accompanied by the fifteen class-leaders, wait on Mr. Moneybags and find out what evening he will be at liberty to attend the adjourned meeting, and call the meeting to suit.

This being agreed to by the mover, it was carried unanimously, and after giving a vote of thanks to Mr. Readywit for the clever way in which he had rescued the congregation from its alarming situation, the meeting was dismissed with the benediction.

Dan Cupid.

He is out and in the open by breaking of the day,
(He hath a steady eye and deadly aim)—
He doth not heed the birds or beasts that cross his errant way,
For he's after bigger game.

No Indian wears more proudly his trophies, stiff and stark,
Than he the hearts that dangle at his belt,
But Dan Cupid stops to kiss each forlorn and grievous mark
That his rosy hands have dealt.

His weapons are old-fashioned,—he's absurdly small and gay,
His trail lies through the country and the town,
And when he sights his quarry the wise are those who say,
"Do not shoot—for we'll come down."

The Sphinx he doth out-riddle this hunter after hearts,
His triumphs have been said and have been sung,
Yet still he goes a-hunting with his bow and feathered darts,
Just as when the world was young.

VIRNA SHEARD.

The Grand will be closed the whole of next week.

A Social Novelty.

The other night the Marquise de Crequi-Lesdiguières gave a unique "aviary ball" at her gloomy hotel in the Rue de Lille in Paris. The walls of the great ball-room which, from the reign of Henry the Fourth up to the days of the Revolution, had only seen character dances and stiff minuets, were hidden by a trellis of thin gilded bars. Here and there creepers hung in festoons, Salad-leaves, bits of sugar, biscuits, and all sorts of bird food were fixed between the bars of the great cage, lighted from the top by soft electric lamps shaded to produce a sort of moonlight effect. There hundreds of quaint creatures were playing at being birds, most of the men imitating the singing and chirping of the dickie-birds they represented. Paroquets had been chosen by many on account of their brilliant colors, which allowed a display of the most gorgeous stuffs. Some had donned the wings of humming-birds, while tall storks, rose colored ibises, and graceful cranes flitted fearlessly among fierce-looking vultures and hawks, tame for this occasion only. Far away in another gallery, by means of an ingenious mechanism, the romantic roudles of a nightingale trilled forth from time to time. Later on in the night, after a champagne supper, it is said the birds became exceedingly noisy.

Better Than a Fence.

In A Sportsman in India, Miss Savory writes entertainingly of the monkeys in the foot-hills of the Himalayas. For cool impudence and audacity, she says, these hill-monkeys stand unrivaled; they slip into the bungalows at Dalhousie, and carry off anything from the breakfast or tea table, if the room is empty. They spring from tree to tree, from house to house—a mother, it may be, with two young ones clinging to her, a loaf of bread in one hand and a bunch of bananas in her mouth, which she had just "sneaked" from a dining-room.

Of course monkeys are very troublesome in plantations. Few men can shoot a monkey; they are too human-like and pathetic when wounded. We met an Englishman who was trying to protect his sugar-cane patch with a great trench and a palisade covered with nails. All to no purpose.

He walked down to it one morning, and found a row of monkeys seated on the palisade. The moment he came within reach they threw his own sugar-cane into his face, after which they got down and strolled away, leisurely munching.

Such things were not to be borne. Our friend chased a flock into a tree, felled the tree, and caught four or five young monkeys. The parents waited near, in great consternation, anxiously watching while their infants were painted from head to foot with treacle and tartar emetic. On being allowed to go, they rushed off into the fond and welcoming arms, and were instantly carried up into the woods, and there assiduously licked clean from top to toe by their affectionate parents.

The natural effects followed, and the pitiable condition of the old monkeys can scarcely be imagined. That patch of sugar-cane was never lifted again.

Justifiable Pride.



Chicago Millionaire (showing his library to a distinguished novelist)—See them books!
Distinguished Novelist—Yes.
Millionaire—All bound in calf, ain't they?
Novelist—So they are.
Millionaire (grudgingly)—Well, sir, I killed all them calves and tanned all them hides myself.

What's the Matter With Kansas?

Mrs. Nation! Mrs. Nation!
Why this dreadful devastation?
Why this fierce exhortation?
This unseemly flagellation,
Spreading fear and consternation
Amongst the whiskered population
Of the Kansas reservation?
Is the depth of dissipation
Such a dreadful degradation
As to need the application
Of this cruel castigation?
Pause and tell us, Mrs. Nation,
In the name of all creation,
For you're making such tarnation
Botheration in relation
To a little mild libation,
That the base insinuation
Has got into circulation
That your own exhilaration
May receive its inspiration
From a nip of the potato?
Can this be the explanation?
No! We spurn the allegation!
Mrs. Nation! Mrs. Nation!!
—George S. Applegarth in "Life."

Lady Aberdeen as a Lecturer.

Lord Aberdeen had for long been under promise to give a lecture to the Drumwhindle Mutual Improvement Association on "Canada," but was regretfully obliged to break his engagement, being detained in London on the day arranged for. Lady Aberdeen, however, came to the rescue and delivered the lecture herself, says an English exchange. Lady Marjorie Gordon—it happened to be the young lady's twentieth birthday—assisted her mother in a very simple and charming way. Limelight views of Canadian scenery were thrown on a screen, and her ladyship vividly described and explained them, passing on to tell of the people and statesmen, the commerce and cities of the Dominion. The village hall was filled to overflowing, and the audience listened with the closest interest, cheering heartily when reference was made to the loyalty of the colony, and the devotion of Canadians to the Mother Country. Upon the whole, Drumwhindle was quite glad that Lord Aberdeen had been unable to come north for that special night. Good lecturer His Lordship may be, but village opinion has it that his talents are "not a patch" upon those of his wife.

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

"Well, sir habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of it remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Lahn, Tuesday, Feb. 26, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., March 5, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tues., March 26, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 2, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., April 27, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, April 23, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Rhein, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1 p.m.
 Karlsruhe, Thurs., Mar. 7, 10 a.m.
 Barbarossa, Thursday, March 21, 5 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

Trieste, Saturday, March 2, 2 p.m.
 Zadar, Saturday, March 9, noon
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., March 16, 11 a.m.
 Aller, Saturday, March 23, 11 a.m.
 Werra, Saturday, March 30, 1 p.m.

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The Tide Sets Toward California.

"The volume of California travel will be larger this season than before in many years," said a railroad man yesterday. "The California travel has started in earlier than usual." Traveling passenger agents and other passenger men who have been in Syracuse during the past few days declare that the outlook is unusually good for a heavy California business this winter. A great many are planning to spend a part of the winter in California and to sail from there for a short cruise to Honolulu. At the city ticket office of the New York Central Station in this city there has been more enquiry for tickets to California than ever before. —Syracuse "Post Standard."

Anecdotal.

The late Ignatius Donnelly was once rudely interrupted in the course of a political speech by a head of cabbage thrown from the audience. "Gentlemen," he said, mildly, "I only asked your ears; I don't care for your heads."

Donald McDonald, the war correspondent of the Melbourne "Argus," in his book on the siege of Ladysmith tells this incident of the relief. An old Kaffir woman tottered along the footpath, the tears streaming down her face. "Listen to her, listen to her," said a Natal farmer. "That's good, isn't it?" I could listen, but not understand, so he interpreted. The words the Kaffir woman spoke were really the sentiment of that time of triumph. "The English can conquer everything but death; why can't they conquer death?"

Two inmates in a Scotch asylum, says the Glasgow "Times," working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall. "No, bend down, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll tie ye a hand up tae."

Sandy, accordingly, bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and dropping over the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off: "I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better to bid another fortnight, for you're no near right yet."

In the course of a debate at which Bloomfield, Bishop of London, was asked to preside, one of the students, with strong indignation evident in his voice, addressing the chair, inquired, oratorically: "What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said, could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and church dignitaries, riding about in their carriages

and living in their palaces? What, sir, I repeat, would he have said?"

"I think," said the Bishop, interrupting the speaker, in a meek and mild voice, "that he would have said, 'Things in the church must be looking up.'"

A British peer who in the course of a long life had experienced all the inconveniences to which a man of rank can aspire, was fond of going to the late Rev. Mr. Hawes' church in London. He used to take a seat in the gallery with his old dress, and believed that he was, as he intended to be, unrecognized. One Sunday a too officious usher, on seeing the old nobleman take a back seat, hurried up to him, and said: "Will not your grace have a better seat?"

"Come along, Maria," said the old duke, "we're discovered!" and he immediately walked out with the duchess, and never showed his face inside Mr. Hawes' church again.

Macaulay was several times invited to Windsor, and once, as he himself recorded, had the temerity to correct the Queen to her face, apropos of a blunder in history. "The Queen," he said, "was most gracious to me. She talked much about my book, and owned that she had nothing to say for her poor ancestor James II. 'Not your Majesty's ancestor,' said I. 'Your Majesty's predecessor,' I hope this was not an uncourteous correction. I meant it as a compliment, and she seemed to take it so." It was on one of these visits to Windsor that the historian was so foolish as to date a letter to his constituents from the Castle, a piece of singularly bad taste, which brought down upon him the ridicule of "Times," which referred to "Mr. Macaulay's little place in Berkshire" and later went on to hint that he was commanded there to fill the vacant place of a pet monkey of Her Majesty's recently deceased.

Mr. William McLennan of Montreal, in reviewing the old clubs of Quebec, tells the following story of one called "The Barons," crediting the anecdote to that indefatigable gatherer-up of unconsidered trifles, Sir J. M. Lemoinne, the historian of Quebec. Sir John Cudwell had invited the Barons to dine at his seat, "Belmont," on the St. Foye Road far beyond the gates. His only son had returned from Trinity College, Dublin, where he had taken his degree, and large was the hospitality with which the guests were entertained. Some of the more reasonable of the Barons were for leaving before the city gates were closed for the night, but the plea that the commandant was with them and would see them safely through prevailed, and was followed by a toast to the hero of the evening, "the future Sir Harry on the completion of his Irish education!" To which the future baronet rose and replied: "Friends, fellow-countrymen, brothers" (this last was challenged, as he was an only son), "I am indeed proud of my Dublin education; we have something, however, better before us than a disquisition on the excellence of the various systems of Continental courses; to be brief, I now challenge any here present to meet me on the classics, astronomy, the cubic root, or glass to glass! You have your choice!" "Glass to glass!" was the unanimous reply. Then with song and speech, and loyal and sentimental toast the night flew on until the man from Dublin sat facing his father, the only other man on the right side of the mahogany. It was strictly a family affair now; the honor of the house had been maintained, and rather than risk the reputation of a well-seasoned diner out, the old gentleman put down his glass, and with a hearty laugh roared out, "Damn your Irish education, sir!"

Women and Their Work.

A Real Christian. A Valuable Quality.

HERE came a girl into the sanctum the other day, who sat down and burst into confidences, the gist of which was that she had to do something for herself. She would work, take any position, go into anything—she was obliged to do this by family straits. She told me much of her troubles, and incidentally mentioned that her parents employed two maids. Instantly came to me a wonder if I dared suggest that instead of tramping to and fro, that girl should make beds, sweep and dust, arrange flowers, clean laundry, open the hall door and stay with her mother until the strenuous time might pass over. She'd look very pretty in a sweeping cap and bib-apron, and making beds would be almost as good as Delsarte. I took my life in my hands and broached the idea, very gently. "Oh, I couldn't do that," she cried. "I should have to spend all the best part of the day in doors, and I don't want to be there."

"Can you write shorthand?" "Oh, no!" "Read proof?" "No; what's that?" "Can you teach music and French?" "No; not teach, though I can play and I understand some French." "Well, what can you do?" That girl burst out crying. "I can go home, and I wish I'd never come," she said, wildly. "It doesn't help me to be put through a catechism." That's just where she made her mistake. It did help her, for it made her think. To-day I had a note from her—a brief one. "Dear Lady—We have only one maid now. Cook left when Mary did. I quite forgot to tell you that I am quite a cook myself. You never asked me that, so I am training our new maid, and it's quite wonderful what a knack she has. Oh! I was nasty to you that day, but you were so horrid—just exposing my ignorance, and asking 'What can you do?' I've made up my mind I'm no good, and so am going to stay at home."

Another girl came in, and her stock-in-trade was her belief that she could write short stories. Fancy her probable bill of fare on that! Yet another wanted a Government position, and would I mention her to some big personage and tell him to get her one. I did, and we had a laugh over it, but I'm

afraid she's still on the lookout. She had never been in an office until she came into mine. These girls are so sudden, not ever considering the years of training or the terms at a business college they must put in before they are worth money in an office. And nine times out of ten they wouldn't work if they got the position, these suddenly resourceful young ladies who sometimes call me unsympathetic and unkind because I ask them, "Well, what can you do?"

The most frequent applicant wants to be a companion, or to go abroad as secretary, or a species of female courier. "I hear they pay large salaries in the States to girls, and that most ladies have secretaries, housekeepers and shopping women now," said a lanky individual with a sallow face, stringy hair and faded eyes, who waited into the office one day last month, her mourning very dusty and her gloves without catches. "I have taught school until I'm sick of it, and I've advertised in New York and Chicago half a dozen times without any result. Can't you advise me? I was thinking if I went to New York—" She paused. I didn't. I said "Don't" so quickly that she jumped. Then she varied the usual formula by demanding desperately, "Well, what can I do?" I'm afraid she didn't like it when I said, as sweetly as I could: "You might say good-bye and allow me to finish my work, and go to my luncheon, for I am very hungry." That school teacher did not say good-bye; she went out and slammed the door after, without a word, but she said something hot to the friend who had sent her to consult me, and I got quite warm second-hand myself later on. But, with all the good-will in the world, one cannot advise such a woman until her self-value shrinks a bit.

Talking of the domestic service question, here is a pointer I came across one day lately that may do some of you good. "I like your attic rooms best of all," said a guest to whom the mistress was showing her new home. "Yes, they are pretty; rather cut up, but the maids like separate rooms." "Are these the maids' rooms," said the guest, looking from the little blue bow to the little pink one. "Yes, and cook's is in the basement. She prefers it down there, as she is so stout," said the mistress, simply. "Good gracious! You do pamper them!" cried the guest, warmly. "They're worth considering," said the hostess. "We've had our cook fifteen years. You know, and she's never spoiled a dinner." And the guest went away sorrowful, for she had endured a score of food-destroyers in less than that time.

I was talking to a cranky man to-day who disbelieves everything, so he says; but we know that the assumed Atheist calls on God in extremity, and the liberator at virtue turns to a good woman in sickness. In fact, behind all unbelief there lies the old insistence upon some good, wise and kind thing, be it human or divine. The cranky man said: "Just show me one real Christian and I'll listen to you." Not that I was trying to convert him from his wilful attitude. Like certain types of bad children, he is best left alone a bit, and time and experience will bring him round. "One real Christian," was not a poser, however, for I know one real Christian, so real and so near that I feel the holiness of her halo when she passes. This woman is not beautiful nor brilliant nor rich, though she is a sort of power in any circle she enters. Once I saw her very sorely tried, beyond ordinary forgiveness one would say. Resentment would have been not only justifiable but proper, according to you and me. For one second her face grew white and stern, then her lips moved a little, a lovely expression crept over them, her eyes grew soft and her brow cleared. Forgiveness and good-will—nay, more—were in her tones as she answered the cruel and uncalled for speech of a spiteful and merciless creature. Such a simple little answer she made, and turned away with a smile. I could not let things be, so I followed her, not to sympathize—that never occurred to me—but to ask a question. "How could you? I know you said something at yourself before you could. What was it?" "What I have to say so often, my dear," said the woman, simply. "I only said, 'For Christ's sake,' and it made the acceptance of that remark possible. It did not hurt any more." I pointed out this

cupid's pawshop—Lent—a Kiss.

"I stole, or borrowed, better say, a kiss from a lovely Millicent, Who—she's a high church devotee—Murmured reproachful, 'It is Lent!'"

"If that" (of course, the kiss I meant) "is so," I said, "ought not to pay The debt I owe with the per cent. Of interest—which I did, straightaway. C. S. PEARSON."

Woman to the doubter as my idea of a real Christian, and he allowed she might be. What do you think about it?

"What is the most valuable quality towards success?" said the professor. "Why, nerve, of course. That sort of nerve which will not be snubbed nor denied nor discouraged. That nerve which ignores disability in birth and breeding and culture and calmly sits down in the first seat, though many a better man sits in the second. That nerve which cannot be shocked into distrust nor ground into humility; which can be either cringingly civil or brutally domineering, as required. That nerve which clears its track of obstacles with the insistence of a cow-catcher, and would smoke a cigar in the Golden City without any sense of incongruity—that is what helps people into the soft-cushioned seat of success, as you may observe if you look about you," and the professor, who hasn't got this estimable quality, subsided into his arm-chair and shut his eyes, as if declining even to look at his own answer. LADY GAY.

Stranger Than Fiction.

A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

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The remedy is in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills" and "cathartics" which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores, and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study and in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Sunbeam.—You certainly are a crab, my bright little person—the 18th of July comes under the influence of that peculiar and devious beetle. Thanks for your kind wishes, and here's a hearty return of like ones. Each month has its advantages; crabs can hold on, remember, though they are apt to suddenly drop plans and notions without

explanation. Be careful in your love affairs, if there be any such. Don't promise lightly, for remember it's a July woman who is the jilt par excellence. Don't lay too much stress upon handsome clothes either, nor jewels. Judging by your writing, you are a nice sort of crab.

Tattycoram.—You are imaginative, original, persistent and logical. You are not combative nor assertive; a quiet life appeals to you, but any amount of fun must be in it. There are lines of sympathy, good temper and general amenability in your study, bright perception, and a very easy and natural expression. No marked ambition is shown, but a generally pleasant nature, and some capacity for constant and warm affection. Your birthday, January 18th, brings you under the sign Capricorn the Goat. You have the faculty of arranging and balancing things, great justice, strong love of the correct thing, and little sympathy with dreamers or schemers.

Teddie.—You're a bit off, my boy. You say you were born in 1900. Did you not mature pretty rapidly? Your writing is youthful and somewhat self-conscious, and, being backward, has not its freedom. In fact, beyond a generally material and practical turn, discretion, self-esteem and a certain crude rule of beauty. I see little to comment upon. Thanks for the good wishes; we saw them come true in a measure.

Ego (Thorold).—Several of you on "wonder" have sent me names. I don't think you show a fine sense of honor regarding enclosure. Think it over and perhaps you'll reconsider the request. Thanks for good wishes. It has not been bad, so far. 2. Your writing shows energy and ambition. You desire to rise, to accomplish, and to be known. A pretty fair disposition, not marked by extra discretion; good eye for the beautiful and some taste for art are shown. The nature is not well poised and the impulse varying. Light will and a tendency to fickleness, with considerable affection, are visible.

Ego.—Are you a red light or a soft green light? Is the light which is in you darkness? No, funny man, it is not, and you're quite well aware of that fact. You wear out the nerves before the looking-glass, and would like to exhaust yourself in self-analysis, which is capital in discretion, but the worst of all unkindness in excess. If you desire to know yourself as well as possible, don't begin dissecting and worrying, but set yourself against the tasks and trials and joys of life heartily, and take an occasional squint to see how you are coming through. First, interest you in the world, and we can do until we try, nor do we know what is in us until circumstances reveal it. You have a bright and somewhat speculative mind, very self-centered, somewhat careless of details, persistent and argumentative, with fair culture, facility of expression, and quick, sharp judgment. You may be over-sensitive and prone to exaggerate trifles, and to lose many of life's pleasant things through mistrust and hesitancy. Caution is overdeveloped; no one's going to steal your secrets. Don't put off your idiosyncrasies upon heredity. Such a theory is bad for most persons, and especially injurious to people like you.

Amo Te.—There are others. Just now I don't think I've much room left. Your question is absurd. The man marries the girl of his heart. Is it your "duty" to tell him scandal about her? Flie, flie! If you do, I hope his duty will lead him to punch you soundly.

Simon.—Your sentiments should be graven on every editorial door, for before they enter the sanctum. "One finds that the wish to write is not enough, that one must restrain from casting poor literature upon an already over-read and under-cultured world." Great head, Simon; you should certainly get a bouquet from the Literary Editor if I had your address. February and June are air months, each full of bright thoughts; each what is called "double signs"—that is, "Aquarius," the water-carrier, and Gemini, the twins, are the constellations ruling these months to the 22nd day. You didn't give me a date for either, only the months. The study is distinctly interesting, showing bright intellect and some imagination, some susceptibility, good energy, and decided grasp of affairs. You couldn't be slow or stupid if you tried. There is ambition, conservatism, expression, strong vitality, good sequence of ideas, impulse and many other bright traits. Possibly you may lack the softer graces, and though you feel strongly and are sympathetic, may not be able to give forth your emotions. You certainly like to talk, and enjoy company. The whole impression is of original and dashing personality, truthful, courageous, and

independent in thought and speech. I think you rather enjoy having your own way, don't you?

Bridget.—Many happy returns. It happens this is your birthday. February has for its sign Aquarius, and its children have great gifts and powers. Your birthday coming on the very day the sign changes, you'll probably have a March trait or two beside. Curious that you, in St. Kitts, should spot that Ottawa lady by her character delineation. I'm glad you wrote, and satisfied yourself. Your gifts are largely those which are of use to others. You may be a great blessing, and boon to weaker people. Don't belittle any charm or power you have. You were made to dominate and help and inspire. You have generous ideas, tenacity, and constancy, truth and courage, and good order and method. You don't ever mind matters, dislike new and shoddy things, have great force of will and action, some imagination, would rather be left to intuition than led by reason. A very live and lovable person!

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Millards Charges Against Missionaries.

A Canadian Missionary Takes Up the Cause.

FROM the Rev. James Menzies, M. D., one of the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries to China, "Saturday Night" has received a lengthy communication replying to the grave charges of Mr. Thomas F. Millard, the war correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" copied into this paper on January 26. The Rev. Dr. Menzies charges Mr. Millard with unfairness in not giving the names of the missionaries who were concerned in looting. He then proceeds as follows: "Dr. W. A. P. Martin, president of the Imperial University, and for fifty years a missionary in China, gives in his recent book, 'The Siege of Peking,' a full account of this looting by missionaries. After detailing the suffering and heroic endurance within the legation walls of the besieged, both foreigners and Chinese (for he tells us the missionaries refused to leave their converts unless they, too, were received within the sheltering walls), when, after eight long weeks of waiting for the relieving force, hoping, only to be disappointed, tolling day and night at the trenches and barricades, under a constant storm of shot and shell, the food supply was almost gone (all the horses and mules, to the number of over eighty, being eaten but three or four) and starvation was staring them in the face, relief came at last. He says: 'The missionaries, being in great anxiety as to a food supply for their converts, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Wherry and Rev. J. L. Whiting, I proceeded to do a little looting on their behalf. I had heard of a deserted grain-shop in the inner city, close to the University. There we discovered a considerable store of wheat, millet and other grain. Loading it in carts, we carried away not less than two hundred bushels. Calling aloud to the proprietor, I informed him that on the presentation of his bill I would pay the full value of his property, but he was the only answer that returned.' And he tells, too, of the sale at public auction, after previously advertising them, by the Rev. E. G. Tewkesbury, who during the siege had been chief of commissariat, of large quantities of silks, furs and other valuable articles taken from a princely mansion, whose guilty owner had fled. These were sold for the benefit of the suffering Christians whose homes and property had all been destroyed, and whose friends to the number of thousands had been massacred. I do not wonder that the veteran doctor ends up with: 'So much for the charges of looting that have been brought against missionaries. Gladly do I share in the blame which they incur, and confess myself equally guilty with them, though the only object which I appropriated to my own use was a goat-skin rug.' No, we are not ashamed of what the missionaries did. As well might we find fault with the starving Samaritans for spoiling the camp of their besiegers after the frightened Syrians had fled, or with the men of Judah for looting the camp of Sennacherib after the Lord had slain his hosts. Had we been in the siege of Peking we would have done as the missionaries did, and so would Thomas F. Millard."

Dr. Menzies next quotes the testimony of the Viceroy of Nanking in 1895 as to the benevolent character of the missionaries. Strong testimony it certainly is, but as it seems to be wholly aside from the question of their conduct in the crisis of 1900, and as our space is valuable, we omit the passage. Dr. Menzies next quotes the words of Mr. Conger, the United States minister, which are more to the point. According to Dr. Menzies, Mr. Conger wrote: "To one and all of you, so providentially saved from threatened massacre, I beg in this hour of our deliverance, to express what I know to be the universal sentiments of the diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of and professed profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under your charge have rendered toward our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning and the uncomplicated execution of the Chinese I believe our salvation would have been impossible. By your courteous consideration of me, and your continuous patience under most trying conditions, I have been deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily. I hope and believe somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and dangers will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and your work."

Dr. Menzies concludes his letter as follows: "Again, Mr. Millard states that the missionaries refused to offer their commodious dwellings to the wearied relief column. He must refer to Tientsin, for the missionaries in Peking had no dwellings, commodious or otherwise, to offer the relief party when it arrived. It was the writer's fortune to be at Chefoo, the head of the telegraph line, when Tientsin was relieved, and he was in a position to hear most of the news that came from the front. He met, also, at Chefoo and on the voyage across the Pacific, several officers and men who had been at the relief of Tientsin, but not one word of complaint did he hear against the conduct of the missionaries, though he did hear many kind words appreciative of their help and sympathy. And Mr. Millard closes by saying that the soldiers bear the missionaries a deep grudge, because none of them offered to help in the hospitals when help was sorely needed. But once more to the law and to the testimony. Dr. Lillie E. V. Saville, writing on the medical aspects of the siege of Peking, says: 'There were of all nationalities twenty men and women with medical and surgical degrees. On June 21 the International Hospital was organized in the British Legation, Mr. Cordes, who was wounded at the time the German Minister was killed, and a young Russian student with a penetrating wound of the left shoulder-joint, being the first patients. Miss Lambert, a nurse connected with the S.P.G. Mission, was asked to take charge of the nursing arrangements; Dr. Poole of the British and Dr. Velde of the German Legation were the staff. The women doctors were asked to act as nurses, which we gladly did. Drs. Leonard, Mackie and Martin taking charge at night, while Dr. Gioss and I divided the day between us; and we were very fortunate in getting a good deal of the surgical work, dressings, operations, anaesthetics. There were two trained nurses and other ladies to help.' So far as the writer is aware, no call was issued by any army for volunteer surgeons, yet numbers of missionaries offered themselves as surgeons or interpreters, both to the admiral in command of the allied fleet and to the commanders of the land forces. Few secured positions, but from Dr. Wolfendale's letter, published originally in the 'China Gazette' and later in the 'Medical Missionary Journal,' I quote the following facts. Dr. Wolfendale has been for some months surgeon on board H.M.S. 'Pioneer' at Chungking. Drs. Mary L. Burnham and Margaret S. Wallace for months served as nurses in the military hospital at Wei-hai-wei, till their help was no longer needed. Dr. James A. A. Greig of Manchuria accompanied the Russians to the Red Cross work from Vladivostok. Dr. Charles Lewis was three weeks surgeon on board the U.S.S. 'Yorktown,' and is now regularly employed in military work in Tientsin. Dr. Leonard's charges at the source where they originally appeared, viz. The London 'Daily Mail.' This has not yet, so far as we are aware, been done, although the correspondent's arraignment was first published fully six weeks ago, and his accusations have been repeated in 'Scribner's Magazine,' and have been substantiated from numerous reputable sources in a score of publications that could have no cause to be biased against the missionaries. Mr. Millard distinctly volunteered to produce the names of the guilty missionaries should his statements be challenged, so that the missionary societies, by proceeding properly, can put his accusations to the proof at any moment, should they really desire to do so. The arrest of the Rev. Mr. Ament, for blackmailing Chinese towns and villages, is an incident that must not be overlooked. With the exception of Mr. Conger, all the witnesses appealed to by the Rev. Dr. Menzies are interested parties, inasmuch as they themselves are missionaries, testifying in behalf of the missionary system which is on trial.—Editor 'Saturday Night.'"

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.
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In reference to the above letter, which has been cut down only because it was unnecessarily lengthy, "Saturday Night" thinks that the missionaries ought to deal with Mr. Millard's charges at the source where they originally appeared, viz. The London "Daily Mail." This has not yet, so far as we are aware, been done, although the correspondent's arraignment was first published fully six weeks ago, and his accusations have been repeated in "Scribner's Magazine," and have been substantiated from numerous reputable sources in a score of publications that could have no cause to be biased against the missionaries. Mr. Millard distinctly volunteered to produce the names of the guilty missionaries should his statements be challenged, so that the missionary societies, by proceeding properly, can put his accusations to the proof at any moment, should they really desire to do so. The arrest of the Rev. Mr. Ament, for blackmailing Chinese towns and villages, is an incident that must not be overlooked. With the exception of Mr. Conger, all the witnesses appealed to by the Rev. Dr. Menzies are interested parties, inasmuch as they themselves are missionaries, testifying in behalf of the missionary system which is on trial.—Editor "Saturday Night."

Dr. Menzies next quotes the testimony of the Viceroy of Nanking in 1895 as to the benevolent character of the missionaries. Strong testimony it certainly is, but as it seems to be wholly aside from the question of their conduct in the crisis of 1900, and as our space is valuable, we omit the passage. Dr. Menzies next quotes the words of Mr. Conger, the United States minister, which are more to the point. According to Dr. Menzies, Mr. Conger wrote: "To one and all of you, so providentially saved from threatened massacre, I beg in this hour of our deliverance, to express what I know to be the universal sentiments of the diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of and professed profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under your charge have rendered toward our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning and the uncomplicated execution of the Chinese I believe our salvation would have been impossible. By your courteous consideration of me, and your continuous patience under most trying conditions, I have been deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily. I hope and believe somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and dangers will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and your work."

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Sham Equality.

Douglas Story, a Britisher who is visiting the United States for the first time, says that despite constant expressions of contempt for foreign titles, he has found more class distinction there than in Britain, and a pride in pedigrees which is rapidly becoming a passion. Referring to the recent Vanderbilt-French wedding, he says: "All around me I found an adulation of the happy pair no self-respecting Briton, German or Frenchman would yield the noblest of his nation. There was a wider practical gulf between those who pored over the details of the trousseau in the newspapers and the bridal pair than between a Highland cottager and the queen, or an inventory milk-maid and the Duke of Argyll. The law calls all Americans equal, but greenbacks and the exigencies of society have long since set the classes on terraces as definite and as accurately ranged as in the oldest peerage of monarchical Europe. Here in Washington there is a constant battle of precedence, and in the few days I have rested here more than one important engagement has been fought and won. There are more titles here than in a German statthalter's suite. In every button-hole is a button indicative of the wearer's right to be called a Son of the Revolution, an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Knight of Pythias, and heaven knows what besides. Last year, on the South African gold, I ran across one or two American correspondents whose breasts were barred with ribbons. I looked and marveled, and my astonishment was not lessened when I learned these denoted that the correspondents' ancestors had fought in the Civil War or in the War of the Revolution—my democratic confederates wearing the badge of an hereditary nobility! For what are our patents of nobility but the indication that in the more distant past a Douglas or a Campbell or a Churchill fought valiantly for king and country? Scotsman though I am, I find more careful genealogies preserved here in America than in my native land. To the stranger the American affects to despise these things, but among his own people he yields nothing of the privileges of his position. He derived from money, from family history, or from accidental prominence, I find my quarter's as efficient to tone down the bluff camaraderie of the servant class here as my shilling was at home. There can be no great lasting power about an equality that yields so readily to the soft persuasion of a coin."

only one other person, a writer well known throughout the country, but evidently a stranger to the new comer. The writer is a man whose dress is always fastidiously neat, but by no means fashionable in cut or expensive in material. When the young man took his seat, the writer glanced up at him, and seeing that it was no one whom he knew, returned to his study of the bill of fare.

The young man languidly placed his monocle in his eye, and screwing up his face to keep the glass in position, treated the other guest at the table to a prolonged stare.

The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler, and applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in a very few seconds, and then the tumbler was replaced on the table. But the young Anglomaniac's face was crimson, while that of the writer remained grave and unmoved, and through the dining-room rustled the sound of something that suggested repressed merriment.

Haru-Same.

(Early Spring Rains in Japan.)
Before the strongest cherry-bloom
Has burst its silver coat of mail,
From sky to earth is spread a loom
To weave the Spring-time's bridal veil.

The loom is hung from star to star;
The threads are silver wires of rain;
And tender winds the hand-maids are,
Who, sighing, weave, then pause again.

I hear their shuffles in the trees;
The sunshine lends them strands of gold;
While light and high about their knees
Rise bridal garments, fold on fold.

And now among the misty bowers
The loom has stopped;—the cuckoo
Sings,
On airy paths of cherry flowers,
Comes wingless—yet so sure—the
Spring!
—Mary McNeil Fenollosa, in the
"Critic."

An Oriental Protest.

At the recent church congress in Newcastle, England, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous Oriental traveler, and the first lady member of the Royal Geographical Society, well known also as the author of "Unbeaten Paths in Japan," "Korea and Her Neighbors," and other works, made some remarks upon the religious condition of Japan which attracted considerable attention. She declared that, "Dazzling as the progress of Japan has been, she has as much need of the Gospel and Christian teaching as Central Africa has, and possibly more."

This statement has aroused considerable criticism from the Japanese press, which do not relish having their race called a "yellow peril." Among other journals, the Kobe "Chronicle" (November 15th) thus comments on Mrs. Bishop's words: "Such a remark inevitably suggests comparisons. There are Japanese who have visited Europe and America without being much impressed by the overwhelming moral superiority that ought to be evident in the West before the West undertakes to convert the East. We venture to say that there is no country in the world where life and property are more safe than in Japan; there are few civilized countries where there is less of that hopeless wretchedness which is the result among industrial nations of the wide gulf established between the rich and poor; among the army in China the peacefully disposed Chinese found their lives, property, and women far safer among the heathen Japanese troops than among the Christian Occidentals."

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The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler, and applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in



THE Toronto Male Chorus Club celebrated their entrance upon their eighth season with a very successful and brilliant concert in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening. The event attracted one of the largest audiences of the year, the friends of the society and the general public turning out in force. Mr. Tripp, the talented and energetic young conductor of the organization, had eighty voices under his baton, forming a compact and well-balanced chorus. The programme, which contained many choice numbers, was so arranged as to provide something to suit a variety of tastes. The first number, Mendelssohn's 'Tis the Song Whose Spirit Leads Us, while it did not make a sensation, the music being by no means of a popular order, served to display the fine quality of the voices, and some well-managed light and shade effects, the general character of the rendering being one of refinement. The applause grew in enthusiasm after the singing of Engelberg's 'Far from Me and Neldinger's 'That Little Peach'. The latter tells of the mournful fate of little John and his sister Sue in consequence of eating a peach of emerald hue, and the subject with a species of Gilbertian humor is musically treated almost seriously. This was very cleverly rendered, and was unanimously encored. The former number was a finely-graduated effort in singing, and was also warmly received. The succeeding chorus, with solo, Trophies of Persia, Pile High O'er the Rails, from Gernsheim's cantata 'Salamis', a melismata and a vocal composition, was an excellent piece of choral declamation, and was sung with a surprising volume of tone, considering the small number of the voices. The solo was taken by Mr. Bispham, the well-known baritone. Another successful accompanied number was the Chorus of Bishops and Priests from Meyerbeer's 'L'Africaine', as adapted by Buck. This was probably the first occasion on which the number has been heard in Toronto. The music is bold and majestic, and as mere music has many passages of seizing power. Greg's 'Barcarolle', a charming 'ad captandum' number, gave the club an opportunity of showing its adaptability in the interpretation of a light, graceful and melodious class of music. In the three final numbers in which the club appeared, three cavalier songs by Browning, set to music by Villiers Stanford, solos by Mr. Bispham, the club sang with great dash and with a rollicking, devil-may-care spirit that just suited the spirit of the words and music. Mr. Bispham's solos, it is almost needless to say, were not only artistic musical efforts, but splendid achievements from an oratorical point of view. The third song, 'Marching Along', was re-demanded and repeated.

The piano soloist was Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, who is always welcome to a Toronto audience, and whose previous pleasant memories of the concert platform. As is well known, Miss Aus der Ohe plays the piano with all the vigor of a man, possesses a brilliant technique, endurance that does not tire and an elastic touch capable of very delicate effects, while her readings are generally straightforward and musically. Her numbers were the Mendelssohn Variations Serenades, a composition which, while worthy of a popular piece, and is perhaps so good an example of the variation form as many essays in the same class by Beethoven and Schubert; the Saint-Saens transcription of the Bach Gavotte in E minor, Miss Aus der Ohe's own Legend, Chopin's Valse in E minor, Liszt's 12th Rhapsody, and the Wagner-Liszt transcription of the Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman. The fair pianist was encored three times during the evening. Her most successful numbers were the Chopin Valse, the Bach Gavotte and the Rhapsody, the latter of which was a brilliant and powerful illustration of virtuosity. The Chopin Valse was delightfully played. Mr. Bispham, although he left New York on Monday night, and came straight to Toronto without break, apparently showed no fatigue of voice. Mr. Bispham's singing is such a felicitous combination of the musical and the oratorical that he never fails to delight an audience. His rendering of Leew's setting of the Scotch ballad 'Edward' profoundly moved his hearers. The ballad recites the story of a man who slays his own father, and who curses his mother for having incited him to the deed. In voice, delivery and emphasis Mr. Bispham powerfully expressed the horror of the situation. Immense applause followed, and without belittling anything else, it must be confessed that this was the number that stirred the audience to the greatest height of enthusiasm. He also gave a very happy rendering of Mendelssohn's 'I'm a Roamer, always a favorite song here. Mr. Bispham brought with him his own accompanist, but those who acted in that capacity for the club were Miss Eva J. Luttrell, piano, and Mrs. Blight, organ, each giving thorough satisfaction. Mr. Tripp and the officers of the club must be congratulated upon the success of their concert. The chorus gave convincing proofs throughout the evening of having been prepared in their music with great care and conscientiousness, and their prompt and unhesitating attack, and their observance of nuances of tone quality and expression would have done credit to a professional choir. Herr Rudolph Scarpo of New York played Mr. Bispham's accompaniments.

A number of musicians met in the

Guild Hall on Saturday afternoon last and decided upon a form of syllabus to recommend to the University of Toronto for adoption in the examinations in music which the Senate are contemplating to establish.

A very successful pianoforte recital was given in the Conservatory Music Hall last Monday evening by Miss Edith Myers, a member of the faculty and post-graduate pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, which was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The programme was an interesting one, and the performance of it was characterized by great clearness of technique, as well as intelligence and feeling, which resulted in a musical interpretation of all the numbers on the programme, which included the following: Bach's Bourée, A minor; Rubinstein's Kamennoi Ostrov; Weber's Rondo Brilliant, E flat; Godard's Chromatic Waltz; and smaller numbers by Lavalee, Brassin and Sinding. The Andante and Rondo Finale from Reissiger's Trio, op. 87, constituted the closing number of the programme, in which the parts were well sustained by Miss Lena Hayes, violinist, and Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist. Miss Myers was further assisted by Miss Annie Hallworth, soprano, who gave an artistic rendering of Tosti's 'Good-bye' and three short songs by Jessie L. Gaynor; Miss Frances C. Elliott, reader, and Mr. Donald Herald, accompanist. During the evening Miss Myers was the recipient of several beautiful bouquets.

The next Monday popular concert will take place in Victoria Hall on Monday evening next, March 4. The programme will be entirely different from those of preceding concerts. Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., with members of his school, and Mr. Smedley's Young Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club will provide the entire programme. An enjoyable evening is anticipated.

Musical people who have that rare gift, a sense of absolute pitch, will be able to hold the malarial mosquito in contempt. According to Dr. L. O. Howard, mosquitoes that are dangerous can be distinguished from others, even in the dark, by the sound they produce. The tone of the malarial mosquito is about four notes lower than that of the ordinary mosquitoes. If one has not the sense of absolute pitch, all that is necessary is to carry a tuning fork in the pocket, and when you hear a mosquito, strike the fork and see whether she sings C major or in F sharp minor below.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, in a recent article contributed to 'Music' expresses his conviction that in teaching, German influence is declining. He says: 'The direct influence through German work in instructing the young is always decreasing outside of Germany. While in the early stages of music in any country the most important professors have been imported from Germany, later on the native musician becomes in turn a professor, and a demand grows up which the German supply does not satisfactorily meet. This has come to pass in France, where there are very few German musicians living and teaching, and in Russia, in England, Belgium and Italy. It is beginning to be the same in America, despite the large importations by some of our schools.'

There is a remarkable growth in the demand for Liszt's compositions in the concert halls of Germany. It is said that there are only two composers who are ahead of Liszt in the number of performances—viz., Beethoven and

Wagner. The Allgemeine 'Musik-Zeitung' states that after a recent performance of the symphonic poem 'Tasso' in Berlin the conductor, Weingartner, was recalled four times by a tornado of applause. The Berliner 'Tageblatt' says that in January four pianists—Reisenauer, Busoni, Stavenhagen and Riser—gave special Liszt recitals, and in addition to these there was the oratorio Christus and the symphonic poems at the orchestral concerts.

There was a large attendance at the pianoforte recital given in the Music Hall of the Conservatory Thursday evening of last week by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher, when an interesting programme was performed with intelligence and good judgment. The technical demands of the various numbers were fully met, and the refinement of style and interpretation was very gratifying. The programme included: Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26 (first movement); Rubinstein's Kamennoi Ostrov; Chopin's Etude, C sharp minor; Liszt's Tarantelle, with other numbers by Meyer-Helmund, Grieg, Mendelssohn and Leschetizky, the pupils taking part being Misses Ada M. Briggs, Margaret Nasmith, Madeline Schiff, Gertrude Carlyle, Alice Evans, Jessie M. Ducker, Ethleen Fee, Millie Green. The following numbers were interspersed through the programme and added their share to the success of the recital: Mendelssohn's O, Rest in the Lord, from the Elijah (vocal), by Miss Nellie James, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn; Gounod's Waltz Song from Romeo and Julietta (vocal), by Miss Annie Mottram, pupil of Dr. Albert Ham; De Beriot's First Concerto (violin), by Miss Marguerite Waste, pupil of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson; Clayton Johns' Where Blooms the Rose (vocal), by Miss Alice McCarron, pupil of Mrs. Julie Wyman.

A programme of a high order was given on Friday evening of last week by pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, in the hall of the Normal School. Judging from the performance of those who took part, Mr. Welsman seems to have under his instruction a number of talented and promising pianists. Speaking generally, Mr. Welsman's pupils distinguished themselves for technical proficiency, musical tone production, clearness of interpretation and a careful observance of the expressive marks. In the concerted numbers Miss Adamson, violinist, and Miss Richardson, violoncellist, lent their aid. The programme was as follows: Beethoven trio, op. 1, Miss Florence Turner, pianist; and Misses Adamson and Richardson; Gade, Novelletto trio, Mr. George D. Atkinson, piano, Misses Adamson and Richardson; Schumann, Fantasiastuecke, Mrs. J. K. M. Livingston, piano, and Miss Adamson and Miss Richardson; piano solos, Schuetz, Mignon Etude, and Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp, Miss Adelaide Sheppard; Almbultner in C sharp minor and A major, and Ich Liebe Dich, Miss Ella Crompton; Chopin, Polonaise, op. 40, No. 2, Miss Daisy Deyell; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 78, Miss Ella Crompton; Grieg, Almbultner in A flat; Welsman, Minuet, and Liszt Rhapsody, No. 10, Miss Florence Turner; cello solos, Sitt, Vito and Golttermann, Caprice, Miss Richardson.

Miss Lina D. Adamson, who was the violin soloist at the Conservatory String Orchestra concert last week in Massey Hall, practically made her debut on that occasion. She appeared fresh from her studies in Germany, and may be congratulated on winning a decided triumph. She has returned with increased technical equipment, a bold and yet firm and elastic style of bowing, and produces from her instrument a legitimate violin tone that is always musical. Miss Adamson's solos were the difficult Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, by Saint-Saens, and the Allegro from a Concertino by Hans Sitt, her teacher, and as an encore the famous Bach aria, as transcribed for the fourth string by Wilhelmj. In the Bach number she produced a fine, sonorous, well-sustained tone, and phrased with breadth and dignity. The other solos gave her opportunity of displaying her powers in the virtuoso style.

Mr. Harold Bauer, the solo pianist, who has been creating a sensation in the States, was born in England, of a German father and an English mother. Mr. Philip Hale speaks of him in the following highly appreciative

terms: 'By reason of his consummate art and exquisitely controlled temperament, Mr. Bauer joins the few pianists who have proved that the piano is, after all, a musical instrument; that it is not merely a box of jangling wires, a machine to test the strength of athletes and arouse enthusiasm in the breasts of all who are impressed by the spectacle of uncommon physical exertion.'

London 'Truth' disposes of a one-current story about Sims Reeves as follows: 'The rumor which at one time was very persistent, that he was incautious in intoxicants, was a cruel calumny. As a matter of fact, he was a very abstemious man, although, like most singers, he had some extraordinary concoctions, supposed to improve his voice; among others, a mixture of claret and soda water and egg and honey or glycerine and other ingredients—a compound, in short, which would have upset any ordinary stomach.'

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Social and Personal.

Monday evening the palatial dining hall of the Temple Cafe was the scene of a most brilliant and enjoyable gathering of the city dentists, and a few of their visiting brethren from outside the city, at their fourth annual banquet. The dinner was a great success in every respect. Over one hundred doctors of dentistry indulged in the splendid repast provided for them under the auspices of the Toronto Dental Society. Addresses were made by Drs. J. B. Willmott, McLaughlin, Secombe, Hudson, Beattie Nesbitt, McDonagh, Adams, Reade, and Primrose of Toronto, and Drs. Brophy and Ames of Chicago, Dr. Price of Cleveland, Dr. Thornton of Chatham, Dr. Cross of Oshawa, Dr. Moyer of Galt, Dr. Allen of Paisley and Dr. Marshall of Belleville. Vocal selections were rendered by Mr. Sparks, organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and Dr. Sparrow. Senior Fabiani delighted the audience with selections on the piano and harp during the course of the evening, and also rendered the accompaniments most skillfully and to the satisfaction of all present. The committee, consisting of Dr. W. E. Willmott, chairman; Dr. W. Cecil Trotter, secretary; Dr. W. G. Spaulding, Dr. J. E. Wilkinson, Dr. A. E. Webster of Collingwood, Dr. A. J. McDonagh, Dr. F. D. Price, are to be congratulated for the unequalled success of the dinner.

The annual banquet of the Ontario College of Pharmacy faculty and students is proverbially a jolly affair, and never was it more so than this year. One hundred or more budding pill-makers, together with grave and reverend professors, prominent men of affairs and educationalists, sat down to the handsomely laid tables at the Arlington on Wednesday evening. The splendid dining-room was tastefully decorated with the college colors—red, yellow and black—and the students were out in force to give the last college yell and sing the last college song before the impending slaughter of the innocents in May—of which they were reminded by the cruel letter of regret from one of the examiners, who promised to make up for his absence by "a pleasant little interview" when the proper time comes. President Harry Bull of the graduating class, did the honors, assisted by Secretary W. R. Vining and the following committee: Messrs. H. Yarnold, F. J. Butland, J. A. Buckham, E. Candow, J. A. Miller, T. M. Doyle, C. A. Hamlin and A. M. Sutherland. Among the guests were Hon. G. W. Ross, Rev. Dr. Talling, Dr. Smith, president of the Veterinary College; Mr. G. E. Gibbard of the Pharmaceutical Association, Mr. Charles D. Hay and Mr. C. D. Daniels. The following toast list carried the festivities into a late hour: "Education," Dr. Talling; "Canada and the Empire," Hon. G. W. Ross; "Our College," Mr. J. Hargreaves, member of the council, and Mr. H. F. Foot; "The Faculty," Dean Hechner; "Board of Examiners," Dr. Sneath and Mr. George A. Evans; "The Medical Profession," Dr. Fotheringham; "Retail Drug Business," Mr. Alfred A. Cox; "The Wholesale Trade," Mr. Charles D. Hay and Mr. C. D. Daniels; "Our Athletes," Messrs. Smith and Fisher; "Sister Colleges," Mr. Pearson, Trinity; Mr. McKay, Toronto Medical; Mr. W. C. Gordon, McMaster; Mr. Grant, U.C.C.; Mr. McKay, Dental College; Mr. Argue, Normal School; Messrs. Judd and Beatty responded for the ladies, while Messrs. Carnahan, Somerville, and Winbourne provided the music.

Mrs. Reed of Jarvis street gave a tea on Thursday for Mrs. Farrell and Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg. Mrs. Richards is now en pension at 77 St. Joseph street.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Creelman gave a very pleasant tea for Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Russell, two very much-esteemed ladies who have recently returned from mission work in India. Mrs. Wilson (nee Caven) looks very well, even after sixteen years of life in the trying climate of India. She is with her father and mother, Principal and Mrs. Caven. On Tuesday Mrs. Caven gave a tea, which specially entertained the Knox College people, at her residence in Spadina road. Mrs. Creelman's tea was full of pleasant encounters of old schoolmates and girlhood friends for the dear little lady, Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Stephenson (nee Proudfoot) poured tea, and the young daughters of the house looked after the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ahearn and their family, and Miss De Belcourt passed through Toronto on Wednesday evening en route from California to the Capital, where the fact that "Buena Vista," Mr. Ahearn's beautiful home, was "maison fermee," added to the gloom of the opening.

Mr. George Brueneck has a great collection of pictures, the fruit of his recent sojourn in Iceland, Spitzbergen and the Old Country. He is arranging an exhibition of these pictures for March 16, in Matthews' gallery, 95 Yonge street.

On Thursday evening of last week a large number of friends of Miss Lillian M. Hewitt of Parliament street gathered at the Union Depot to bid her farewell. Miss Hewitt is making her home with her brother in New Orleans.

The home of R. J. Orr, 182 Lippincott street, was the scene of a happy family reunion on Monday evening, when Mr. Orr's mother, her six sons, R. J., William, George, Archie and Alexander of Toronto and Charles of Winnipeg, and her daughter, Mrs. McAnsh, Toronto, gathered together, with their families, numbering altogether sixteen grandchildren, to enjoy a night together in memory of the days of "Auld Lang Syne." In addition to the family were several friends, including Mrs. Whittle, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and Mr. Harry Mahoney. During the early part of the evening a merry sleigh drive through the city was enjoyed by all the party, after which ample justice was done to an oyster supper, served in Mr. Orr's home. Music and cards until about 2:30 a.m. completed a most enjoyable occasion, which shall linger long in the memory of all the family.

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Red letter days in the Muffs department—and here are the emphasized values—genuine bargains. The beauty of owning a nice muff is that it's always in style, and the beauty of buying here is the excellent selection, whether you wish to select the cheaper fur we sell at \$1.50, or pay as high as \$100 for a Hudson Bay Sable.

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20 Columbia Sable Muffs that were \$6.50 for \$1.50
25 Columbia Sable Muffs that were \$7.50 for \$1.50
37 Alaska Sable Muffs that were \$10.00 and \$12.00 for \$1.50
86 Extra Size and Extra Quality Alaska Sable Muffs, were \$12.00 to \$15.00, for \$1.00 and \$10.00

FANCY MUFFS

Going into the fancier novelties in Muffs, we've a nice line to show you, and regular prices are discounted just about one-third. They're in the "perishable goods" class when it comes to taking chances on dust and dirt in the alterations to the house—that's why we're so liberal. We're showing them in newest notions in fancy shapes—Satchel and Five O'clock Tea designs in combinations of Seal, Persian Lamb, Stone Marten, Chinchilla, Hudson Bay Sable, Alaska Sable, and Mink. Prices for fancy muffs start as low as \$8.00 and go up to \$25.00.

We'd like you to see them—welcome to come any time—they're big values all through.

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co., 84 Yonge

reported quite dangerously ill with pneumonia. She is much missed from her very active life by all her friends.

An exquisite flower exhibit is to be held next Thursday afternoon and evening in the Pavilion by the Gardeners' and Florists' Association and the Toronto Horticultural Society. The flower to be exploited is the carnation, so much liked for its delightful spicy perfume and latterly become quite regal in its size and perfect contour. No flower stands and looks better for the same length of time as the carnation, and its scent is most agreeable.

Mr. J. Hewitt's residence, 66 Bloor west, was the scene of a bright gathering which was the wind-up of a sleighing party on a recent evening. Supper and a dance concluded the evening. The guests were Mrs. Ken Marshall, Mrs. Noel Marshall, Mrs. (Colonel) Wilmshurst of England, Mr. George W. Parsons, Messrs. William and Fred Munn, Miss Munn, Messrs. Arthur, Rud. and Cliff Marshall, Mrs. McGashlin, Miss Jessie McGashlin, Miss Flo Marshall, Mr. William Clarke, Rev. Mr. Bell, Miss L. Parsons, Miss J. McPhee, Misses Edith and Lottie Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hewitt, Mr. W. P. Hewitt.

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The happiness of every home depends very largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the little cares of every day life, and tormented by pains and irregularities that are sure to accompany a rundown system, there can be no happiness in the home for husband and children. Many women are victims of nervous exhaustion and do not know it. They suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia, nervous headache and sleeplessness, and drag themselves about the house feeling languid and tired out. The slightest mishap causes them to worry, and they feel gloomy and despondent.

Some women seem to think this a part of woman's existence. Not at all. You can be healthy and vigorous if you follow the advice of Dr. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author. He would not deceive you, and his treatment never disappoints. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is intended for just such cases as are here described.

It is, above all, a common sense treatment, which is approved of by physicians and laymen alike. By supplying to the thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves the very materials of which nature constructs new nerve cells and new bodily tissue it gradually and certainly reconstructs and revitalizes the weakened and debilitated nervous system, cures nervous headaches and dyspepsia and permanently overcomes the weaknesses and irregularities from which women suffer so much.

Mrs. Charles H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes:

"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me.

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is immensely popular among women, because it restores them to perfect, vigorous womanhood, and does so by naturally and gradually toning up and invigorating the system, gently regulating the bowels, and strengthening the action of the heart. Fifty cents a box; six boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Miss Dent, Mr. Hill, Miss Vio Graham,

Messrs. Walter, Arthur and William

Begg, Miss E. Carroll, Miss May Graham

and Mr. Tom Kelly.

Mr. W. J. Thorold, a Toronto man, recently business manager for Julia Arthur, and author of the book and play "Near the Throne," has gone into editorial work as European manager of The Smart Set and another New York paper.

The Young Women's Christian Guild give a conversation next Tuesday from half-past seven to half-past ten. This is the sixth annual affair given by the Guild. Moving tableaux, refreshments, gramophone, and all sorts of other entertainments are arranged.

Captain Michie is making a great recovery from his long and serious illness. He is able to enjoy visits from friends now.

Husbands to Burn.

She was a weeded widow wise. She had three husbands in the skies; A silver urn, in solemn state, Encased the ashes of each mate—James, George, and Henry, fond and true, Cremated—how, and when, and who. She was a maiden, old and thin. She had no husbands canned in tin. "Alas! alas! ah, cruel fate! Years have I yearned for a mate! While you—she gazed on each urn—'While you've had husbands here to burn!'" —The Spinster.

The Shop Assistant Scored.

A rather loudly-dressed "gentleman" stepped into a big necktie-shop the other day, and in an imperious tone uttered the one word: "Neckties!" Then he threw back his head, as if the assistant was entirely beneath his notice. A snobbish air aggravated the assistant, but he quietly displayed a number of late patterns. "These," he said, very politely, "are the very newest styles, and are excellent quality at a shilling." "A shilling!" haughtily snapped the customer—"a shilling! Do I look like a man who would wear a shilling tie? Is there anything about me to indicate that?" "Beg pardon, sir!" meekly interposed the assistant. "The sixpenny counter is at the other end of the shop!"

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Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening the Cockburn residence was again the scene of a bright event when Colonel Lessard and his officers, with the men of the cavalry who returned from South Africa received from Mrs. Cockburn a magnificent punch bowl, cups, and most artistic shields which were given by the women of Toronto to the soldiers who had fought so well. Mrs. Cockburn took much trouble in starting the testimonial, and was a very gracious hostess to the officers and men on Wednesday. The gifts were not completed in time for the reception tendered to their recipients in the Parliament Buildings, but on Wednesday the whole set were ready, and each man received his own. A few friends remained after the presentation for supper, and rejoiced with the happy family circle over their own particular warrior.

Miss Tubby, of Rose avenue, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Storey, Sunderland Villa, Acton. On Shrove Tuesday Mrs. Lepper, of Winchester street, gave a progressive in honor of Mrs. Butler, of Brighton.

Mrs. Butler, of Brighton, is spending a month with her people in Toronto. Mr. John Sutherland, Brantford, was the guest recently of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Warwick, of 407 Markham street. Mr. Norman Patterson is spending his holidays with his family in town.

The portrait of Judge Falconbridge which Mr. Wylie Greer has just completed was much admired at the studio on Thursday.

On Thursday, Mrs. Reed, of Jarvis street, gave a most enjoyable tea, at which the guests of honor were Mrs.

Richards and Mrs. Farrel, of Winnipeg. Colonel Drury was on his visit to Ottawa the guest of His Excellency Lord Minto, at Rideau Hall. Sir Charles and Lady Hibbert Tupper have been stopping at the Queen's this week.

Mrs. Warden, of St. George street, gave a tea on last Thursday afternoon. Miss Evelyn Street has gone to Boston to continue her musical studies.

Someone wonders why Monday night audiences are not more fashionable. The reason is that all those persons who receive free admission tickets on account of window posters are limited to Monday evening for attendance. Therefore, a Monday evening audience has a fine sprinkling of tradespeople of diverse sorts. Also, the first night is the one upon which the reporters must be present to criticize the play, and not very many reporters care to figure in dress tugs; so that a good many bright young men are sprinkled through the audience in business suits. These are some of the Monday night reasons why the theaters are not more smart. Also, many smart persons wait for a critique on a play before they care to attend it. This they do not get before Tuesday, of course, when they make up their minds about going. Unless for a Sothorn or Irving, or some other established star, the attendance of society on Monday evenings isn't usually worth chronicling. "Verbum sap."

Mrs. Edgar S. Burton gave a small progressive last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Horn and family left this week for Atlantic City.

Mr. John A. Paterson, M.A., ex-president of Toronto Astronomical Society, is to give an illustrated lecture entitled "Other Worlds Than Ours" in the Lansdowne Kindergarten on Saturday afternoon, March 9, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Paterson is a most interesting lecturer, and with Mrs. Scrymgeour-Massie's name as soloist, a most enjoyable afternoon is promised those who can attend.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro has been this week the guest of Mrs. G. W. Ross.

The Ontario Society of Artists have their opening this afternoon. I hear there are some very good pictures this year.

Mrs. Carveth and Mrs. Macdonald had a few friends for a very pleasant evening on Wednesday.

Captain and Mrs. Nelles gave a pretty theater matinee party at Shea's last week. Another jolly matinee party was given on Wednesday to a party of young folks at Shea's. A very amusing turn was given to a monologue when the speaker, that facetious person in the green gloves, enquired if anyone could tell him where Harbor Square was, and a bright little golden-haired baby girl volunteered the information that it was "Down to Front street."

The Driving Club had a smart turnout last Saturday, and took tea at McConkey's. I am told, Colonel Lessard led the parade, with the Stanley Barracks four-in-hand. Some of the party went on to the Hunt Club for dinner.

In Justice to Osteopathy.

On Saturday, February 23 an article under the title "How to Keep Healthy" appeared in this paper.

The writer undoubtedly meant well, but was void of the principles of osteopathy, which he was trying to describe. He would have you believe it to be a system of exercise for the patient, who was too physically weak or in some way incapacitated for the required exercise prescribed by the physician, and goes on to say: "The osteopath gives the patient the necessary exercise."

It is the information of such writers, who do not understand the principles of osteopathy, that has caused the science to become confounded with those methods of exercise known as massage, Swedish movement, etc., which it is not, or has it ever been intended to be, for the rules of those methods are strictly prohibited in the operating rooms of the qualified osteopathist. While the writer has said "the osteo-

pathist uses the bones as levers," this is done to free the vital forces, and not with the intention of giving the patient exercise. For the skilled osteopathist will administer treatment in such a manner that the most delicate person will not feel the tiring effects that a very limited amount of exercise would produce.

The object of the osteopathist is to remove mechanically, by scientific manipulation, any obstruction to either the nerve force or blood supply, allowing nature to carry to the tissues the required amount of nutrition and give strength to allow them to perform their proper function; when this is done, nature will create within the body that desire for exercise, and it will not be necessary to go to the osteopathist or the masseur for it.

At the Toronto Institute of Osteopathy, 567 Sherbourne street, osteopathy is practiced from a scientific standpoint—for its therapeutic effect, and not for the amount of exercise it will give the patient. If this were not true, it would be unnecessary for the osteopathist to acquire the knowledge of the body that he is in possession of, but he could simply administer massage, or any other form of exercise, without getting any particular therapeutic effect.

Those who wish to know more of the science may do so by calling at the above address, where they may consult those who graduated under, and are personally recommended by, Dr. A. T. Still, founder of osteopathy, and who acted in the capacity of city physicians to the A. T. Still Infirmary. In this way you may become acquainted with the true principles as taught and practiced by the founder. If unable to call, a postcard will bring you exhaustive literature upon the subject.

Toronto Institute of Osteopathy. (The article "How to Keep Healthy" was not written by an osteopathist, but by a grateful patient.—Editor.)

Grand Trunk at Buffalo.

An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been at Buffalo for the last few days, has returned to Montreal, after having secured space for the railway's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. The space secured is one of the most prominent on the grounds, covering nearly 4,000 feet of the walls and 600 square feet on the roof of the machinery and transportation building, which is said to be one of the finest architectural creations on the grounds, and is completed and ready for the installation of exhibits. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to make a display such as the company has not yet installed in any exhibition, and this will comprise a large selection of its choicest photographic gems, including a number that were awarded the gold medal at the Paris International Exposition of 1900. Canada will be represented by numerous typical scenes of the resorts which are reached by the Grand Trunk, and it is expected that as a result of this influx of tourists during the season of 1901 into Canada will be something phenomenal. The building in which the Grand Trunk exhibit is to be placed is situated in a central location, on what is known as "The Mall," reached by the Amherst street gate. While at Buffalo the Grand Trunk representative made a careful inspection of the entire grounds, and reports that the management of the exposition is making favorable progress with the buildings. May 1, he said, will see the opening of one of the finest exhibitions that have ever been held in America, which, though not quite as extensive as the World's Fair, will exceed in quality anything that has ever been held on the western hemisphere.

When Your Family Physician Has Failed.

After your family physician has told you he can do nothing more for you, you have tried everything known to yourself and your friends, without relief, then go to the Toronto Institute of Osteopathy, 567 Sherbourne street, where they cure 70 per cent. of all the cases given up by all other methods, and where they will not take your case unless they believe they can benefit you. You do not have to tell them your trouble; they will tell you.

The New National Song.

The whole of the first edition of Mr. Godfrey's new song, "A Greeting to the King" (1,000 copies), was sold out in six days, and a new edition of 2,000 copies, which followed, has also been nearly sold out. This rapid sale is unusual, and is a testimony to the merits of the song, which has been commented upon elsewhere. Doubtless the fact of its being the first song referring to the new King has had much to do with its sudden popularity, but its tuneful, bright character and stirring words are sufficient to guarantee its success.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

B rns
Smuck—Feb. 23rd, Mrs. J. Wallace Smuck, a daughter.
Haun—Feb. 23rd, Mrs. A. W. Haun, a daughter.
Elliot—Feb. 24th, Mrs. Wm. S. Elliot, a son.
Young—Feb. 25th, Mrs. Thomas Young, Montreal, a son.
Miller—Feb. 20th, Mrs. W. McC. Miller, a son.
Stacey—Feb. 15th, Mrs. Geo. Ed. Stacey, Chisholm, a daughter.
Chisholm—Feb. 24th, Mrs. W. C. Chisholm, a son.
Thompson—Feb. 26th, Mrs. F. H. Thompson, a daughter.
Rowland—Feb. 23rd, Mrs. Fred. I. Rowland, a son.
Jacques—Feb. 23rd, Mrs. D. B. Jacques, a daughter.

Marriages.

Skirrow—Lugsdin—Feb. 25th, Frederick Leeming Skirrow, to Ella Marion Lampert—Wood—Feb. 20th, William A. Lampert, to Alice B. Wood.
Bradley—Schneider—Feb. 25th, Joseph G. Bradley, to Sarah Belle Schneider.

Deaths.

Johnson—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, 1901, at 52 Bloor street west, Toronto, of pneumonia, Cecil Wilder, youngest and dearly beloved daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Jukes Johnson, aged 4 years and 9 months. Funeral private.
Van de Carr—At Redlands, California, Feb. 23rd, Arthur W. Van de Carr, eldest son of W. Van de Carr, Woodstock, and son-in-law of Mrs.

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A TASTELESS ODORLESS NUTRIENT MEAT POWDER

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We are not selling out our fur garments with the idea of closing up our showroom for the season, because we intend to keep up fur interest all the year round—our workrooms will always be busy. We have had the biggest year in our history and we are going to "swell the report" by reason of these low prices. This sale gives you a chance of a lifetime.

Fifteen Caperines—some stole front, tab front, and other with heads and natural tails. They are all Parisian fashions and samples left over from fall trade, in combinations of the following furs—Persian Lamb, Alaska Seal, Alaska Sable, Silver Fox, Sable Fox, Thibet, Silvered Fox, Blue Fox, were \$30, \$35 to \$45, for.... **\$25.00**

Six Caperines—Tab fronts, new Parisian fashions, in combinations of the following furs—Blue Lynx, Silver Lynx, Alaska Seal, Alaska Sable, Persian Lamb and Mink, were \$45.00 and \$50.00, for.... **\$35.00**

Seven Caperines—Tab and stole front, in combinations of Black Sable, Blue Fox, Alaska Sable and Persian Lamb, are newest cut and design, were \$55 a d \$60, for.... **\$45.00**

Eight very high-class Caperines—Stole fronts and newest cut of high collar, in combinations of Mink, Persian Lamb, Hudson Bay Sable, were \$65.00 to \$85.00, for.... **\$60.00**



Six splendid style and finish high-class Caperines—Stole fronts, Alaska Seal and Stone Marten combinations, were \$65 to \$75, for.... **\$50.00**

Five Stone Marten Caperines—a very select lot, all stole fronts and high collars, natural heads, six tails and claws, were \$85, for.... **\$67.50**

Alaska Seal Jackets, best finish, best fur, newest fashion, original price \$225, selling now.... **\$190**

Alaska Seal Jackets, best fur, newest fashion, original price \$180, selling now.... **\$155**

Persian Lamb Jackets, beautiful fur, newest fashion, original price \$125, selling now.... **\$100**

Persian Lamb Jackets, high-class fur, new style, original price \$115, selling now.... **\$90.00**

Persian Lamb Jackets, also as low as.... **\$75.00**

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CORNER YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STREETS

Knowles of Norway place, Toronto, Thomson—Feb. 25th, May Shaw Thomson.
Haystead—Feb. 25th, Sara A. Haystead, in her 53rd year.
Ingelace—Feb. 24th, Peter Ingelace, aged 88 years.
Lawson—Feb. 23rd, Alexander Lawson, aged 55 years.
Martin—Feb. 25th, H. Oake Martin.
Thompson—Feb. 26th, Marguerite Thompson, aged 29 years.
Creese—Feb. 23rd, T. P. Creese, aged 52 years.
Laidlaw—Feb. 22nd, Elizabeth Laidlaw, aged 77 years.
Silliman—Feb. 24th, Helen E. Silliman, aged 29 years.
Douglas—Feb. 16th, killed in action, Frank Douglas of the Imperial Oxfordshire Yeomanry, third son of C. I. Douglas, formerly of Toronto, aged 31 years.
Lovelace—Feb. 23rd, Rubie A. Lovelace, in her 20th year.
Jones—Feb. 23rd, Elizabeth Jane Jones, suddenly.
Belding—Feb. 24th, Frank W. Belding, in his 34th year.
Rossiter—Feb. 24th, Arthur James Rossiter, in his 31st year.
Horley—Feb. 24th, Albert Edward Horley, in his 11th year.
Fish—Feb. 23rd, Ernest Post Fish, in his 25th year.

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